

# The Listener

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'The Amateur Circus', by James Jacques Joseph Tissot: from the exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century European Masters at Marlborough Fine Art, London

In this number:

Goodbye to Bretton Woods (Bertrand de Jouvenel)  
 Bureaucracy as Big Brother (George C. Homans)  
 The Messiahs of the Milk Bars? (Alan Pryce-Jones)



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else about Shell...**



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younger generation**



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*Ninth Month for the Romans—and we continue the name, even though for us the month is the eleventh. The Saxons, seeing the trees stripped of their leaves, called it "Wind-monath".*

Not all the followers of Diana wear pink coats. Some have no coats at all, and these, moreover, are rather small and, maybe, even a little grubby. But the pertinacity with which they hunt the 'penny for the guy' commands a grudging respect. It is hard to refuse them; harder still if you remember that the evening of the Fifth will find you giving your own imitation of Firework Night at the Crystal Palace for the delectation of the children and their friends. Later on, as you gloomily reflect that the bonfire was almost certainly too close to the cherry tree and that the lawn will be a depressing sight in the morning, you wonder if the game is worth the candle. But the children enjoyed it and no doubt it is good for trade. In this, it parallels the Midland Bank, an institution which is also 'good for trade'. For over a century, the Bank has been in financial matters the guide, philosopher and friend of business houses of every kind.

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# The Listener

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## Inflation and Arbitration Tribunals on Wages

By STEPHEN PARKINSON

THE trade unions are particularly concerned about Mr. Thorneycroft's statement in the recent economic debate in the House of Commons that people who adjudicate wages should remember that increases unrelated to the national real wealth are Britain's greatest danger. His subsequent comment that an arbitrator must consider the public interest as well as the interests of the people involved in a claim added to their anxiety.

We are by no means sure of the grounds on which arbitration bodies base their awards. Many of their reports suggest that they judge a claim on its individual merits without always considering its impact on the national economy or the possibility that it will set off a train of demands elsewhere.

It is true that last May the engineering and shipbuilding courts of inquiry recognised the inflationary danger of the annual cycle of pay claims, and repeated the suggestion of an earlier court that there should be an impartial body to consider their total effect. But generally arbitrators seem mainly concerned to reach a compromise acceptable to both sides in the particular dispute. Now it looks as if they will be expected to decide whether the nation, as well as the particular industry, can afford higher wages. No instruction goes out to them, of course: their independence is inviolate, but as intelligent men they will heed the warnings of economic crisis.

The unions regard these warnings as political interference with the jealously guarded free play of collective bargaining, and the entire issue is bedevilled by the T.U.C.'s unwillingness to co-operate with the Government in its economic policy. We cannot this time hope for the limited success the Labour Government had with its 1948 White Paper on incomes and prices, which was issued without consultation with the T.U.C. and called for a halt to pay increases unless corresponding increases in productivity justified them. Finally, and in a much modified form, the White Paper was accepted by the T.U.C. and it undoubtedly had an effect on arbitration decisions.

It is hard to see how the Government can check inflation if arbitration awards are based solely on the merits of individual

claims: an arbitrator might believe that this year's economic difficulties are no worse than last year's. But, at the same time, taking account of external factors will expose arbitrators still more to the accusation of Communists and agitators that they are not impartial; which means that just at a time when arbitration is most needed, unions may refuse to resort to it. It will be interesting to see whether arbitrators continue the post-war habit of awarding pay increases on cost-of-living grounds. If they do, and if the unions accept that there must be some tightening of belts, industrial trouble may be avoided. If they do not, the 2,000,000 workers whose wages go up automatically with the cost of living will be in an advantageous position.

The Chancellor was fairly explicit that the Government will not welcome pay claims from its own employees, and the rise for Health Service officers which has been stopped by the Minister of Health is evidence of this. The Government and the nationalised industries together employ about 3,000,000 workers and the Civil Service unions are up in arms. They want to know whether the Government means to override the Royal Commission principle that Civil Service pay should be comparable with pay in outside industry.

Here, again, the Government's dilemma is clear. How can it as an employer make concessions while urging other employers to resist demands? But the clash will most probably be with the railwaymen, when their present claims come to a head in the new year. If there is to be a struggle this is a classic battleground. We have had strikes on the railways over pay recently, and more than once the railwaymen refused to settle until arbitration awards had actually been increased. Indeed, they appealed to the Government of the day and in most cases the concessions they won were assumed to have been granted with Government consent. Moreover, some of these concessions set the pattern for rises throughout industry and I have no doubt it is in the knowledge of that fact that the Government will finance no more inflationary pay increases whether—in the words of Mr. Macleod, the Minister of Labour—they are obtained by negotiation or through arbitration.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*



# Goodbye to Bretton Woods

By BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL

**W**E have lived through a golden decade. In Western countries production and well-being have steadily increased. International trade among non-Communist countries has almost doubled. But there are ominous signs that the gold may be only gilt; primary prices are slipping, freights collapsing, in many countries the exchange reserves are dwindling dangerously.

## Fashion in Ideas

The policies adopted by Western countries to check the trends to my mind threaten the delicate network of international economy. There is a fashion in ideas. During the years following the last war, full employment, continuous expansion of capacities and of production were the prevailing modes, served by a rapid rise in monetary incomes, a plethora of monetary liquidities, and an attendant cheapness of money. Prices therefore rose more or less vigorously in different countries, the buying power of national currencies diminished, again more or less. Concern over this decline in buying power became, at successive moments, a major consideration, and the preservation of the national unit's power over goods and services rose to the status of a major imperative, coeval with that of economic expansion: this involved a considerable restoration of authority of the central banks. Now, however, the fight against price increases, somewhat improperly called inflation, has assumed the character of an overriding imperative. This attitude culminated in the recent meeting of the International Monetary Fund, where, by unanimous concern, 'inflation' was proclaimed enemy number one; and where each participant proclaimed his intention to preserve the internal buying power of his currency while all agreed that the exchange rates between national currencies should be preserved at their present rates and with their present rigidities.

Nowhere is the 'fight against inflation' more talked of or conducted with more energy than in the United States and Western Germany, the two countries where prices have risen least since the devaluations of 1949, and which both register considerable surpluses in their balances of trade and services with the rest of the world. It is well known that in order to fight inflation the German Government has run a continual surplus in its finances, setting aside and hoarding since 1952 nearly four thousand million dollars' worth of marks or almost the equivalent of the country's huge intake of foreign reserves. It is well known that in order to cut down demand, the United States Government has sharply reduced its military expenditure. But we must especially note that these two countries have practised, Germany continuously, and the United States since 1955, a policy of monetary stringency and high rates of interest. In short they have operated a squeeze.

## Danger to World Trade?

I regard the policies of these two countries as endangering the freedom and the volume of world trade, as capable of leading to a widespread restoration of import controls and inconvertibility of currencies. I pass no absolute judgement of values: I do not say that these policies are inherently wrong, but only that they are incompatible with the present state of the world and work towards the disintegration of multilateral trade and market economy, which Americans and Germans champion. Some people are convinced that these policies are right, and there is a strong moral undertone to their judgement, a feeling that here and here alone is virtue: and all else is sinful behaviour. Those who hold such views may interpret my remarks as implying merely that other countries are 'weaker vessels' which cannot stand the strain. Further, I want to make it clear that my concern does not stem from forebodings about the outside effects of an American recession, but from reasoning about the

outside effects of a 'squeeze' operated in surplus countries.

Within an international economic system, countries which suffer a continuous draining of their foreign exchange resources have to take corrective action. The approved method of dealing with such a situation is a 'squeeze'. The drain may proceed from one of two causes—or both. The first cause is an excess of domestic demand over domestic production which brings about a net intake of foreign goods and services. France, and perhaps it would be better to say the franc area, is an example. The deficit in the balance of trade and services represents a net intake from abroad, and therefore it can be eliminated, in conditions of full employment, only by shrinking domestic demand, so that the national economy lets out more goods and services and sucks in a lesser volume. The second cause, of which Britain is a case in point, is a flight of liquidities. It does not matter whether this is a flight from, caused by lack of confidence in the country, or a flight towards, caused by the attraction exerted by another country, in this case Germany. The liquidities have in either case to be lured back by the offer of favourable terms. If the aim is to shrink demand for goods and services, monetary stringency will be used and the dearthness of money will be the result. If the aim is to lure back balances, dear money will be used, and monetary stringency a condition. Therefore the squeeze is in any case a matter of monetary stringency and dearthness of money.

## Keeping the Equilibrium

It stands to reason that the 'squeezing' of an economy will prove more easily effective if, at the same time, a 'swelling' of the surplus economy takes place. Taking things at their simplest, in the cases of countries using nothing but metallic currency, as the deficit of one country drains it of money, causing its dearth, the currency lost pours into the surplus country, causing monetary abundance. Thus in any properly working economic system, at the same time as the deficit country takes a step backwards the surplus country takes a step forward, and the two moves in opposite directions facilitate the restoration of equilibrium.

Our present international system is faulty in two ways. First, in the case of a continuing drain upon the reserves of a country there is no automatic squeeze operating as a progressive brake: the squeeze must be a deliberate act of policy, implying delay and consequent brutality. But, secondly, there is no automatic swelling in the surplus country working towards the restoration of equilibrium. Indeed, the authorities of surplus countries are at pains to preclude the influx of gold (or other international means of payment) from affecting their domestic economy. It was in the United States during the 'twenties that 'sterilisation' of accruing gold was first practised, and it has been practised by Western Germany on a grand scale in the 'fifties. Such policies of sterilisation throw the onus of restoring equilibrium upon the deficit country alone, instead of its being shared by the surplus country. It is natural that the flight of balances from pounds into marks should put up the price of money in Britain: but it is unnatural that it should not bring this price down in Germany.

A deficit country has to squeeze more roughly if the squeeze has not begun with the drain. But its task is made harder if there is no attendant swell on the other side; and it may become intolerably hard if a squeeze is in progress on the other side. This is the arresting and alarming feature of the present situation: while many countries, suffering a drain of exchange reserves, must squeeze to get back into balance, the surplus countries are themselves squeezing for an entirely different reason. The squeeze within deficit countries must therefore be a superlative one, which may be harmful to their economy, to social relations, and might bring about important political consequences.

Take those countries which are primary exporters. Many of them pursue development programmes, sometimes in themselves



over-ambitious. These programmes involve increasing acquisition of equipment goods from abroad, the prices of which have been rising recently. To pay for these goods the primary exporters must rely principally upon the proceeds of their sales of primary commodities abroad. They have reckoned upon a demand increasing in volume. The American slack is a first cause which diminishes the volume called for as against that assumed. But the British squeeze is a second cause, and an even more important one: Britain remains the world chief buyer of primary goods entering world trade, and a 'squeeze' such as that which is being operated must result in some working off of inventories. Therefore the proceeds of primary sales are affected by a fall in volume and a more pronounced fall in prices. The reserves of primary countries must therefore be drained away, and the development projects have to be cut down, entailing an economic crisis with possible consequences in the political field. Incidentally this must react upon the exports of industrial countries, a good third of which are addressed to primary countries.

### Chain Reaction

The chain reaction is well known and also what it leads to—that is, a return to bilateral methods of trade. Some people may remember that when Hitlerian Germany offered bilateral trade to primary producers, who had ceased to obtain satisfactory terms for their exports, this offer was welcomed and led to new links with Hitlerian Germany. Now Soviet Russia is ready at hand to organise such bilateral trading; and primary exporters must be inclined to turn to her in proportion to the shortfall of their export proceeds. One might venture the statement that the political influence of the Anglo-American group over the rest of the world is a function of the prosperity of multilateral trading and falls off sharply when this trading falls off. Also we might say that the success of multilateral trade is a function of the volume of international means of payment and of the facility of restoration of an impaired external balance. These two features have obtained during the golden decade.

Thanks to the wisdom of President Truman and the generosity of the American people, measures were taken to ensure a ceaseless outflow of gold and dollars to the rest of the world. Government grants, loans, and expenditures abroad were set year after year at such levels as to reverse the natural effect of a continuous surplus in the American balance of goods and services. There is no doubt in my mind that the world is indebted to this far-seeing policy for the magnificent growth of multilateral trading. Let it be noted that there occurred nothing like this expansion of world trade after the first world war: international trade did not then keep pace with production increases as has been the case this time—thanks, I repeat, to American foresight. The rest of the world has, through this golden decade, added continuously to its holdings of gold and dollars, which grew from fourteen and a half billion dollars at the end of 1947 to nearly twenty-eight billion at the end of 1956, thus keeping pace with its increase in imports, the relation being roughly one third in each case.

### Dearth of Reserves

Two unfortunate developments have occurred in this respect: one is that the outflow of gold and dollars has ceased, indeed during the first quarter of 1957 the current was reversed, though this was possibly a temporary phenomenon. The other is that gold and dollars have piled up in Germany to such an extent that all other O.E.E.C. countries now totalise no more exchange reserves than they had at the end of 1950, when the dollar value of their imports was hardly more than half of what it is now. Therefore there now exists a dearth of reserves which causes countries to be more vulnerable to deficits and tends towards the compression of imports.

A second feature of the golden decade was the extreme cheapness of money in the United States, which endured until the end of 1955. When Mr. Butler as Chancellor of Exchequer after the elections of October 1951 began wielding the weapon of the interest rate this proved remarkably effective, even though the hardening of money rates was mild, because at that time the price paid for the use of short-term balances in the United States was extremely low. It did not then matter that a high price was paid

for balances in Germany, since confidence in the future of the mark was not yet fully restored. The attraction of high prices offered for the use of balances is of course impaired if there are doubts about the preservation of a currency's value and doubts about the facility of removing balances at will. It is then natural and normal that countries about which such doubts are entertained should offer a high price for balances to attract them from abroad or even to retain those which arise in the country.

But when countries which present the most reassuring traits, such as the United States, Germany, and Switzerland sharply put up the price of money, then countries somewhat less well placed, in order to attract or retain balances, must go to extreme dearth. Such high rates as have been adopted in Britain must attract balances: but the question may be asked whether the balances flowing in after the 7 per cent. rate was established are all returns from the American, German, or Swiss markets, and whether they do not to some degree originate from the less favoured countries such as the primary producers and some badly placed European countries. It would then seem that such countries would have to make money even more costly than it is in Britain.

In other words, the high price of money in the most favoured countries must run all along the line of the less and less favoured countries, gaining in strength as it goes along: the squeeze, if conducted in the best-placed countries, must grow more and more vigorous as it proceeds to the ill-placed countries. There is a considerable danger that the braking of the leaders may convey a cumulative jolt, capsizing the last waggons. Countries with contrasting international accounts act in opposite manners to correct the disequilibrium; but they all move in the same direction which implies that the ill-placed have to move to an excessive and probably intolerable degree.

### Alarming Situation

I regard this as an alarming situation, which raises two questions, one of organisation, the other of facts. The first question is whether the Bretton Woods doctrine and arrangements are adequate for the preservation of a satisfactory international system. The second question is whether the American policy of monetary stringency is really called for by the American situation. My answer to both questions is No. The reasons can be given very shortly. As to the Bretton Woods arrangement, they provide no feed-back mechanisms whereby a drain of reserves tends to choke off the causes producing it or whereby an afflux of reserves tends to choke off the causes producing it. A country may still swell its internal demand while its reserves run out, and it may squeeze its demand notwithstanding the influx of foreign exchange. With this situation, fixed parities are impossible. Turning to the American policy, I deem it irrelevant to the present situation of the American economy since it is aimed at demand inflation which is clearly inexistent at the present time. As I see it, present American policies are creating a pressing danger for the world economy in order to fight an imaginary danger at home. The hard-money men of the United States are taking a great responsibility.

France and Germany offer opposite and equally striking examples of the lack of influence of reserve efflux or influx upon the national economy: such an influence was the essence of the gold-standard system. Whenever one states the necessity of letting incoming surpluses exert their effect upon the domestic conditions of a surplus economy, one gets the answer coined by those masters of colourful expression, our American friends: 'We do not wish to import inflation'. This is a legitimate concern, but then perhaps it is also legitimate in the deficit countries to want to keep the 'squeeze' necessary in order to restore balance within limits which shall be exceeded if one must adapt to a 'squeeze' already conducted in the surplus country. In other words, deficit countries must de-inflate but they may be chary of importing deflation.

How can such national preoccupations be reconciled with an international economic system? An answer was offered already in the fall of 1950 by Professor Milton Friedman, who argued the case for flexible exchange rates. Now the great authority of Professor James Meade has intervened on this side, while M. Albert Hahne has preached the same lesson to the German authorities. There is no doubt that flexible exchange rates are a considerable



inconvenience, but surely a lesser one than a move back towards exchange controls and the inconvertibility of currencies. The Bretton Woods idea was, first to establish fixed parities, and then to move towards convertibility; and convertibility means that any bearer of a currency may change it at will against another: convertibility for foreign bearers only is not convertibility. Now the prospects for a general return to convertibility are extremely poor, and the question arises whether we should not reverse the procedure: start with free convertibility at market rates and look towards the progressive establishment of stable rates of exchange through a process of fluctuations possibly ample at first but progressively damped down.

### Corrections from Voluntary Actions of Individuals?

Speaking as a Frenchman, I can testify that the franc lost much less internal and external value after the first world war, under the regime of free convertibility of market rates, than it did after the second world war, under the regime of inconvertibility and supposedly fixed exchange rates. A falling price of the domestic currency on exchange markets exercises a restraining effect, partly automatic and partly psychological, on the causes which bring it about. And surely we want corrections to stem as far as possible from voluntary actions of individuals rather than from governmental measures.

The case for flexible exchange rates is strong, especially in comparison with what threatens us at the present time. But such a change is not without great inconveniences nor is it a panacea. Neither it nor any other means at our disposal can cancel out the nefarious influence exercised upon the outside world by the present domestic policies of the United States.

Are these policies necessary? I do not think so. The phenomenon currently called 'inflation' is presently analysed into two factors: demand inflation (which alone is properly inflation) and cost-push inflation. It is true that demand inflation generates cost-push inflation. Faced with more demand than they can meet, producers bid up the prices of factors of production: this increases their costs; they can hand over to ultimate buyers these increased costs while preserving their profit margin, because the ultimate buyers are avid and well provided with means of payment: because demand inflation is there. It does not, however, follow from this relation that, so long as a cost-push inflation proceeds, this is a symptom that demand inflation is still present. There is an inertia of cost-push inflation which causes it to continue for quite some time after demand inflation has disappeared.

The only factors which are immediately responsive to a fall in demand are the raw materials which producers buy in lesser quantities to cut down their inventories: thereby the prices of

raw materials slip. But raw materials constitute but a small part of producers' outlay. Producers are bound to execute their contracts committing them to buy machinery and plant at high prices. They are also bound by their labour contracts.

Long-term labour contracts, which American corporations have sought in order to hedge against excessive union demands, turn out in a period of declining demand to operate in another way, to preserve cost-push inflation. Cost-push inflation in general tends to continue after demand inflation has ceased and this lag is prolonged in the case of the United States by some built-in, institutionalised cost increases. If the continuation of this cost-push inflation is taken as a sign of continuing demand inflation, the measures taken to constrict demand may be dangerously exaggerated.

It is true, as Mr. William McChesney Martin argues, that cessation of demand inflation must prevent producers from handing out price increases. But this offers producers a very unwelcome choice. If they still adjust their prices upwards to rising costs, their volume of sales falls off, affecting the volume of their profits and, sooner or later, their volume of employment (though institutional causes may intervene to induce employers to spread out the work: one of these causes is the great difference between normal rates and rates for surplus hours: another, the incidence of which I cannot rightly appreciate, the costs involved in dismissal, by the annual guaranteed wage). On the other hand, the employers may absorb rising costs and accept a shrinking of their profit margins. In either case their internal financial resources shall suffer a decline, causing them to postpone development programmes, which cause attrition of the plant and equipment industries.

### Bids for Available Capital

But development programmes which are already under way cannot be stopped from one day to another. The decline in internal financial resources must cause firms to seek more external financing and so they must come to the capital market, bidding competitively for available capital and thereby driving down the market value of existing securities.

This view of the situation is based only upon such data as are available to us in Europe, and it is subject to correction. But it does seem strange that the Federal Budget should have been depressed as far as military expenditures are concerned and at the same time inflated by the considerable increase in debt charges. How much might have been done in the way of missiles and satellites on the cost of increased interest? As I see it, the American situation is not inflationary, it is deflationary. It does not call for more constriction, but for the reversal of the policies pursued.—*Third Programme*

## The Future of Independent Burma

By ANTHONY LAWRENCE, B.B.C. Far East correspondent

**T**EN years after independence, this tropical land of Burma with its 19,000,000 inhabitants, with the Indian Ocean at one end and China at the other, presents a confusing picture—a mixture of idealism and squalor, of planning and hopeless muddle, of achievement and set-back. Of all the countries in south-east Asia, it is the only one that has an independent Socialist Government. But it is also a stronghold of the Buddhist religion. It is a land of golden pagodas, of monks in their orange robes, of meditation and acceptance. It is a country which preaches the virtues of the five principles of co-existence and peace laid down at the Bandung Conference.

But it is a country where there is always fighting going on somewhere or other. It is a country where the Government is striving hard to improve social services, hospitals and clinics, but where at present life for the ordinary man is often primitive and sometimes desperate. Much of the reason for this lies in the devastation caused by war; for though the British poured money

and resources into the country at the end of the war, in order to put it on its feet again, there was still much to be done when the Burmese gained independence in 1947 and left the Commonwealth and Empire.

If you arrive in Burma in the monsoon season, as I did, first impressions are liable to be depressing. The road into Rangoon from the airport is winding and nondescript. There are little roadside stalls, trees, undergrowth, people in long skirts smoking cheroots under black umbrellas in the gently falling rain: a general atmosphere of peaceful, unhurried decay. This impression deepens in the centre of the city. There is grass growing in many of the streets, large numbers of stray dogs wander in and out of the traffic and sniff the garbage lying about on the pavements. There are wonderful pagodas and broad, fine highways, there are lakes and parks, but many of the public buildings seem to be peeling and dirty and rotting away. The pavements are cracked and broken, and littered with outbreaks of little stalls



where germ-laden food is exposed to the city air. And among the big streets are large colonies of jungle-huts with thatched roofs. There are wretched alleyways, muddy under foot. This, one feels, is a city which does not care. What a change to be in Rangoon, after Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Tokyo or Hong Kong. And yet, like all first impressions, this has to be modified. It is nothing like the whole of the truth. The country of Burma, now in its tenth year of independence from British rule, cannot be judged by the street-scene in Rangoon, its capital.

Take a trip out of Rangoon along the road that runs north to the town of Pegu, and you come on a sight which is common enough in the Far East but which, as far as Burma is concerned, is all-important—the rice-fields, stretching away to the horizon, mile after mile of them, gleaming sheets of muddy water with the plants sprouting and the patient, bent backs of the peasant cultivators and the oxen pulling the wooden ploughs. Rice is the salvation of Burma. Before the war this country was the biggest rice-exporting country in the world: and it is still on rice exports that Burma can rely for her foreign exchange, the money with which to buy all the goods she needs for industrial progress and development to raise the living standards of her people. And whatever happens, though rebels and bandits rove the countryside, though schemes for development go wrong, in spite of all the Government's difficulties and set-backs, the soil of Burma goes on yielding the rich harvest of rice; the country is always saved from ruin by the peasant in the fields. Indeed, of late years, the production of rice has been slowly but steadily increasing by about five per cent. every year. Steps are being taken to improve production still further; and so, as long as there are no big fluctuations in world prices, it would seem that Burma can rely on a steady income which will go on slowly increasing.

It has not always been like this since the war. Burma, like



U Nu, Prime Minister of Burma: a photograph taken outside No. 10 Downing Street during his visit to this country in 1955

other Asian countries, has tried to progress too quickly, which is always a bad thing for an underdeveloped country. There has been a school of thought which preached that, on attaining independence, a new country must as a matter of course put the accent on industry, acquire a steel-mill, hydro-electric plant, international airline, and all the other amenities which seem to be part and parcel of an advanced country. Burma has been through that programme and has had to pay rather heavily for mistakes. These have been due partly to lack of experienced managers, to bad and contradictory advice given by foreign technicians, to planning based on a high price of rice which did not last—in fact, to all the shortages and wrong deliveries of materials and other set-backs which are bound to be experienced when there are not the trained men available to run industry.

When you talk to Burmese about this, their answer is often direct: they blame Britain for many of the mistakes which have occurred since the war. They say that if Britain had taken steps to industrialise the country before the war, if Britain during the colonial period had trained

Burmese for managerial and technical posts, many of the post-war mistakes would have been avoided. And it is no good suggesting in reply that in the climate of the nineteen-thirties it was impossible to expect Britain to carry out any industrialisation programmes in the colonies, when the fears were all of over-production in Europe. That argument falls on deaf ears. Many of the Burmese feel that their country was left to be a kind of rural Arcadia, a source of raw materials—teak, minerals, and rice—and that not enough was done to prepare for the future.

But, wherever the fault lay, the mistakes have been made, although throughout there has never been a lack of idealism and enthusiasm. The Prime Minister, U Nu, a man of great personality and a popular leader, has a frankness in his private and public words which compel liking and admiration. In the dark early days of independence, when local rebels (Communists and the Karens, and other insurgents) were threatening the Government so fiercely that its authority scarcely ran far beyond Rangoon, it was U Nu who kept the country from complete anarchy. But it is typical of his frankness that he said in a speech a few months ago that the Government had committed a terrible blunder in connection with law and order. When the tide of insurrection had receded, he said, instead of finishing off that problem completely, they had diverted their attention to social services and development; and, as a result, they failed both in development and in establishing law and order. Expansion of agriculture had been lamentably retarded and such activities as land nationalisation had received a set-back. It was like giving a tonic to a patient suffering from diarrhoea, the Prime Minister said.

And this question of bandits, insurgents—whatever they may be called at different times and places—still looms very large today in the Burma scene. Almost every day there are reports in the newspapers of



The road to the great Shwe Dagon pagoda in Rangoon

(continued on page 746)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Zhukov and sputnik

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## The Young Idea

A NEW book called *Declaration* which was reviewed in a Third Programme talk by Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones (printed on another page) is of value because it embodies the personal beliefs of a number of young men (politely preceded by one lady who is not quite so young) of the post-war generation who have made good or are making good in literature and the arts. They have been described as Angry Young Men or perhaps Solemn Young Men (their weapon is irony rather than wit) and they seem to be representative: only Mr. Kingsley Amis, author of *Lucky Jim*, is missing. He wrote to the editor of the book: 'I hate all this pharisaical twittering about the "state of our civilisation" and I suspect anyone who wants to buttonhole me about my "role in society"'. It is very easy to react violently against the conceit, the self-importance, the humourlessness and intolerance of these young authors; it is equally easy to sound patronising and say 'one is only young once' and that their attitude of mind will always be found in a rising generation which has talent and self-assurance. But what sensible people want to do is to sympathise and to understand. That is harder because the authors are not yet able to express themselves with the clarity that characterised the Victorian revolutionists, and because they do not belong to a united movement. What they purvey is a distaste, understandable enough, for certain aspects of the society into which they were born.

It has been said of them that they are 'rebels without a cause'. That is not altogether fair, though the causes differ. Mr. Tynan shows himself desperately anxious to reform the contemporary theatre; he points out that the British drama still largely flogs dead horses. Likewise Mr. Lindsay Anderson is caustic about the British cinema with its inverted snobbery and understated patriotism. Mr. Bill Hopkins, preparing novels (and presumably Mr. John Wain who is 'engaged on a clutch of three novels' would agree), tells us with confidence that 'the literature of the past ten years has been conspicuous for its total lack of direction purpose and power'. Mr. Colin Wilson and Mr. Stuart Holroyd inform us that religion is the cure: 'Religious faith . . . is the highest condition of the soul' according to Mr. Holroyd; 'the qualities required for our survival are the moral qualities of the religious reformer or the Eastern sage': that is the view of Mr. Wilson. Some of them are socialists and republicans: compared with Mr. Osborne, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's opinions about the monarchy are those of an old-fashioned Whig. Miss Lessing, who became a communist 'emotionally' in 1942, now sees her task as a humanist realist to help put the world right.

But one thing all these writers do appear to have in common; one can read it explicitly or implicitly throughout their book: they are obsessed by the hydrogen bomb. With their future so menaced, how can they be blamed for feeling bitter with society, with the 'Establishment', and with the older generation? They may forget that they have been luckier than the middle aged who were born in an era of depression and fascism, who enjoyed no subsidised university education or health services, who had to fight for their jobs instead of selecting them, and have lived to see causes in which they believed triumph at a terrible price. All they can see is that they are poised over a precipice.

ON THE EVENING of November 2 it was announced from Moscow that Marshal Zhukov had been 'unanimously' dismissed from the Praesidium of the Communist Party and from the Central Committee. For several days previously Moscow radio had been broadcasting articles in Soviet Army and other newspapers emphasising the importance of the party's role in the army and of ideological training for the forces in view of the development of methods of atomic and missile warfare. A few hours after the announcement of Marshal Zhukov's dismissal from his party posts, Moscow announced the launching of a second and better *sputnik*, containing a dog and instruments to record the effect of cosmic conditions on a living body.

A number of Western commentators noted the significance of the timing of the launching of Russia's second scientific and technological triumph, obviously intended to divert attention from the Soviet internal crisis, and focus attention on Soviet achievements on the eve of the celebrations of the fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Some commentators expressed apprehension at this further evidence of Soviet technical and ballistic skill in view of the evidence that Russia was again falling under sway of a one-man dictatorship and of Mr. Khrushchev's recent display of irresponsibility in foreign policy by creating a war-scare over Syria.

Following the Central Committee's charges against Marshal Zhukov—of trying to abolish party control of the armed forces, of the 'cult of his own personality', of over-glorifying his contribution to Russia's victory in the war, of 'political unsoundness', and of 'adventurism' in foreign policy—further accusations were poured forth in *Pravda* and broadcast on November 3. After alleging that he had admitted his mistakes, the Marshal was charged with arrogance, conceit, non-party attitude, and rudeness to his subordinates. An article in *Pravda* by Marshal Koniev, Commander-in-Chief of the Warsaw Pact forces, blamed Marshal Zhukov, together with Stalin, for the Soviet Union's unpreparedness at the beginning of the war, for serious blunders during the war, and for falsely claiming an outstanding part in capturing Berlin. Others of Marshal Zhukov's old comrades-in-arms were said to have 'unanimously' joined in denouncing him.

For many hours, the Soviet satellite radios appear to have been shocked into silence, with the exception of East Germany, where an official party statement was broadcast, saying that the decisions taken would greatly help in organising the political control and education of the East German armed forces. An article in the Chinese Communist press, stressing that in a Communist state the army must be under the absolute political control of the party, was broadcast several times in the Moscow home service. In Yugoslavia, it was announced that President Tito would not be going to Moscow to attend the fortieth anniversary celebrations, on account of lumbago. (Western commentators interpreted this as a sign that the President felt he had been insulted by having just conferred in Belgrade with a Soviet leader in process of being disgraced.) On November 1, the Soviet Ambassador to Yugoslavia, a candidate-member of the Soviet Central Committee which expelled Marshal Zhukov, returned to Belgrade from Moscow, and immediately asked for an interview with President Tito. In the U.S.A., a State Department spokesman said it was difficult to reconcile the charge that Marshal Zhukov was guilty of 'adventurism' in foreign policy with Mr. Khrushchev's recently expressed desire to entrust him with a mission to the U.S.A. From West Germany a Foreign Office spokesman was quoted as saying that Marshal Zhukov's dismissal was a new expression of the struggle for power in Moscow which could lead to dangerous consequences for the world.

In the U.S.A., the *Philadelphia Inquirer* said:

A few weeks ago, Khrushchev was indignant that Zhukov had not been invited to visit the U.S. At the Turkish Embassy the other night, Khrushchev casually said he'd find another job for Zhukov, 'suited to his experience and qualifications' . . . . The big Soviet hero of the second world war may find he is qualified only for sentry duty at some remote Siberian outpost.



## Did You Hear That?

### MRS. VETCH OF THE CLOCK HOUSE

WILLIAM PLOMER said this in 'London Calling Asia': 'Sometimes in England, in the countryside, an old house can be seen, a little apart from other houses, and one wonders idly who lives in it, and why? There it is', he continued, 'with its garden full of trees, and its blank face in the morning sun, and an air of peacefulness, as if it had little to do with the present day, or with the rush of life in towns. I used to see a house like that in the West of England, and I used to think somebody rather old-fashioned must live there, and then by chance I spent some time in the neighbourhood, and got to know the owner of the house. Her name is Mrs. Vetch, and the house is called the Clock House.'

'Not by any standards large, the Clock House is rather tall and narrow, and stands back a little from the road, which is only a by-way linking up two or three hamlets, and leading up a valley with a rapidly flowing stream. The stream encircles the orchard behind the Clock House. Mrs. Vetch's home was built more than a hundred years ago, and the man who built it had a clock set up high in the front of it. The clock is no longer there, only a round hole, convenient for nesting swallows which can be seen flying in and out of it in the summer. They help to give the house its homely, peaceful, old-fashioned look. But it is more than a look, it is the character of the house itself, and of the house's inhabitants, Mrs. Vetch and her unmarried daughter.

'Mrs. Vetch shares her house with swallows, and her food with the birds that visit the garden, and with an old, contented cat. She is a very old lady, so her daughter is no longer very young. I do not know why Miss Vetch never married, but I do know why she lives there. Mrs. Vetch's husband was a well-to-do farmer, whose family had occupied the same farm for generations. But when he died, it seems he left his widow and daughter less well off than might have been expected, and they felt obliged to move, and to live more simply than before. In fact, they decided to take in lodgers. So they moved into the Clock House.

'As a rule lodgers come to Mrs. Vetch only in the holiday season, from May to September. In the winter she and her daughter hibernate. Most of their visitors come back to them sooner or later, some of them regularly. This is no doubt partly because the countryside round about is beautiful. And it is partly because those who stay at the Clock House are well looked after: the living is simple, but everything is clean and orderly, and the food is fresh and various and well cooked. But I cannot help feeling that the main attraction is Mrs. Vetch herself.

'What makes her distinguished, first of all, is that she has not bothered to move, as they say, with the times. She dresses

in black with a white lace collar, and long skirts, and perhaps looks much as her own mother may have looked. But Mrs. Vetch is not merely ornamental. She likes things to be well made, by hand, by her own hand. For all I know, she may have a sewing machine, and I do know there is electric light in the house, but mother and daughter do not depend, like so many women today, upon machinery or outside help. They make their own clothes, do all their own house work, and keep their own chickens. When they set the table for their summer visitors it is covered with one of a dozen fine white linen table cloths, each marked in one corner with the date '1852'.

Their linen they wash and iron themselves, and some of it has been as long in use as their plain table silver, which is always highly polished.

'These things are part of the evidence of a refined background, and it is clear that when Mrs. Vetch was young she was accustomed to having things done for her; but you would never hear her say so, or complain because she now has to do them herself.

'Mrs. Vetch and her daughter listen to the radio, and they would quite like to have television, but feel they would have little time to enjoy it. Nor do they have much time to read the newspapers.

These are the kind of quiet people upon whom the life of the world depends. As the years go by, Mrs. Vetch, a motherly person, takes the keenest interest in her summer visitors—their health and fortunes, their marriages and children. "What year was that, mother?" I once heard the daughter ask. "I think, dear", said Mrs. Vetch, "that was the year the Indian gentleman came".

'Heavens knows how the Indian gentleman found his way to the Clock House. He had wanted to see something of English life away from London, and I suppose he liked what he saw, because a letter from him arrives regularly at the Clock House once a year. I hope Mrs. Vetch will never have to say, "That was the year the Indian gentleman stopped writing to us".'

### QUIET COBRA, SLEEPING PYTHON

'Some people will tell you that snake charmers are all a lot of humbugs', said MACDONALD HASTINGS in a Light Programme talk. 'If they are, well, millions of people in the East—simple, superstitious people maybe—are taken in by them. I am not taking sides. I will simply tell you what I discovered in an encounter with one particular charmer.

'His name was Sheik Lal, and he was a perfect specimen of everything that a snake charmer should be. A slippery little brown man with a turban as blue as the Indian sky, a big moustache of which he was inordinately proud, tight white trousers, bare



A scene from the first act of 'Giselle', with Galina Ulanova and Nicolai Fadeychev, which is included in 'The Bolshoi Ballet' directed by Paul Czimmer and now being shown in London. Dr. Czimmer made the film in two nights when the Bolshoi Ballet gave a season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, last year. In an interview in 'The Eye-witness' Dr. Czimmer said that 'Giselle' was chosen by him to be filmed because he thought 'it was the greatest performance, and the greatest performance of Ulanova'. In 'Giselle' he added, 'she could not only prove herself as one of the greatest dancers but also show her art as a great actress'.



feet and a sort of black bolero plastered with badges and coins. He had three assistants: one to bang the drum and help with the music, and two others who had charge of the snakes. He had no less than eight cobras, all coiled up in round, wicker-work baskets.

'The crowd in the bazaar was clearly terrified of them. When one of the cobras, a whopper of five feet if he was an inch, rose in his basket and, with his ugly hood expanded like an umbrella, made a dab at my own legs I instinctively recoiled. But Sheik Lal insisted, to me at any rate, that the snakes he was displaying were harmless. The trouble was that Sheik Lal had very little English, and his first effort to reassure me was by producing a coloured stone. "Magic", he said. "Are you suggesting that if one of those brutes bites me, you can heal me with this stone?"



The poster offering a reward for the recovery of the original F.A. Cup which was stolen while on display in a Birmingham shop window in 1895, and (below) the Aston Villa team which was in possession of the Cup at the time of the theft

'For answer Sheik Lal picked up the biggest cobra, the five-foot one, and put it into my hands. "He no hurt". I did not feel so sure. I gripped the snake behind the head and held tight. At once the creature gave a fierce wriggle and struck at my shoulder. It was rather like being nipped by a rat. "You hold him too tight. Look see, he no hurt".

'He took the cobra away from me. The big snake, swaying its head, lay quietly in his hands. Gently he gripped it across its jaws. Then, concealing what he was doing from the crowd, he showed me its mouth. The two poison fangs which the cobra uses to inject his venom had been removed. "You take him now?" said Sheik Lal. I took back the cobra and held him gently while he wrapped his scaly coils round my arms. Then I turned towards the spectators; the ring of glistening brown faces, with white teeth, were jostling each other for a view of the fun. Using the cobra like the nozzle of a hose, I advanced into the crowd. With gurgles of alarm, they shrank away like water down a sink.

'The elements of the snake charmer's entertainment are as traditional as Punch and Judy. They consist of conjuring tricks and, of course, the charming of cobras with music. As cobras have not any ears, no ears anyhow in the human sense of the word, I am blessed if I know why they find the music charming. But they do respond to it by rising out of their coils and swaying to the noise. The odd thing is that cobras react only to one tune. All

snake charmers play the same tune, and only cobras, of all the species of snakes, are charmed by it. I noticed that a python which Sheik Lal had in his collection of snakes lay coiled up in what appeared to be a deep slumber throughout his entire performance'.

## EARLY DAYS OF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Association Football celebrates its centenary this autumn. GEOFFREY GREEN spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Two factors', he said, 'gave football its initial boost: one was that unique social creation, the Englishman's Saturday half-holiday; the other was the birth of the F.A. Cup in 1872. Those were the sparks that really set the bonfire alight. The excitement of it caused that great figure Lord Kinnaird, of the flowing red beard and the long white flannel trousers, to jump for joy and stand on his head in front of the Oval pavilion when his side, the Old Etonians, beat Blackburn Rovers in a final.

'Look again, and what do we see? Blackburn Rovers in London once more for a final, bringing with them a horde of supporters who were likened at the time to "members of some Bedouin tribe in their strange garb". And so began the tradition of "oop for the coop". Blackburn took the trophy north for the first time; and what a homecoming they received! When their Captain held the trophy aloft in the streets a voice shouted "Is that the cup? Why, it's like a tea kettle!" And the Rovers Captain's reply was swift: "Eee lad! But it's very welcome to Lancashire; it will have a good home and it will never go back to London!" And it never did. On the night of September 11, 1895, their little tin idol was stolen from a Birmingham shop window and was never seen again. That same little Cup which the great Preston North End team, the old invincibles, were so sure of winning that they asked Sir Francis Marindin, the referee, if they could be photographed with it before the final of 1888. Marindin's reply was terse: "Hadn't you better win it first?" Preston lost to West Bromwich Albion, a team of local lads—

David and Goliath again!

'Then there were those early and historic international matches with Scotland that widened the picture. On one occasion, Sir William Clegg, famous son of Sheffield, missed playing in one of these grave contests at Kennington Oval by some twenty minutes. That morning he had been defending Charlie Peace, the murderer, and was late from court.

'There were ropes round the touchlines then, and top hats, and mutton-chop whiskers in the crowd. And players wore caps, and trousers below their knees, and



shin pads strapped over their stockings. And there were two umpires, one in each half of the field, attired in knickerbockers and bowlers, with a neutral referee.

'Out of all this grew professionalism in the north, and, with it, the establishment of the Football League—and that was another impetus. The affinity with the Church was close. Many clubs evolved from Sunday schools—Aston Villa, Everton, Fulham, Southampton, who were once called Southampton St. Mary's; Queen's Park Rangers, Swindon Town, Barnsley, Bolton Wanderers, and scores of others. On another page of history we find the Corinthians—famous amateurs whose name still stands for all that is best in the game. One of their traditional matches every year was against the Scottish amateurs, Queen's Park, in Glasgow, on New Year's Day. Once a certain Dr. Paul scored the winning goal for Queen's Park; and a Scottish newspaper carried the heading: "Paul's message to the Corinthians"'.



# Bureaucracy as Big Brother

By GEORGE C. HOMANS

**W**HEN the American business man has downed his chicken *à la King* at the Chamber of Commerce dinner, pushed away his apple pie *à la mode*, and settled down to the oratory—that is, when he settles down to talk about himself—he still makes noises like an independent entrepreneur, preferably a small one, best still a newsboy with his own paper route. He has gotten where he is by honesty, by working hard at letting no one tell him how to run his own business, by saving his money but meeting his pay-roll by using his horse sense even if it means flying by the seat of his pants, by taking risks that are never gambles. If he succeeds his success is both personal and moral; equally, if he fails his failure is also personal and moral. In short, he talks as if he still followed the Protestant Ethic, a rugged individualist out of *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

## Hard Work in a Different Setting

There are still such business men in the United States, though they are having a hard time competing with the chain stores. Certainly the honesty, hard work, and common sense are still much alive—but in a different setting. Since about 1900 the characteristic American business man has been changing from an independent entrepreneur to a junior executive in a large corporation. He has not come up from his own paper route but from a university, though he has not been well educated there, for he has usually studied business and commerce even as an undergraduate. He has not even had to look for a job but has been recruited straight from the university by the executive development staff of a corporation, which is apt to send him to its own school for further indoctrination. He does not want to start out for himself: the bigger the organisation he can join the better, because the safer, he feels, for him. He expects to stay with the corporation for a long time, though in fact the men that change firms most are apt to go farthest. He expects to move from post to post, as the corporation changes his assignments. Accordingly he will not get himself mixed up for long in the affairs of a particular city. He will not hope to become a prominent citizen of Indianapolis but of the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana. With each change of post he will be meeting colleagues whom he knew elsewhere.

He will expect to be seeing them, on and off, all his life, and so what he is like off the job, how he fits in socially, even the kind of girl he marries make an increasing difference to his business career. For several ranks he will be promoted by seniority; even if he does not go much farther, he will expect the company to keep a place for him, do his saving for him, and retire him with a pension. Ill-educated to begin with, he tends to lead a rather sheltered existence as a specialised manager. He may well know less about the political and financial facts of life than did his father who ran his own hardware store on Main Street. Yet if he does well he may spend the last years of his career in positions of great power, where questions of public policy are his main concern. Far more than the old entrepreneur, he resembles, without the aristocratic tradition, the career officer in the army or navy in the days when armies and navies were the only really big organisations. Or rather he has become a bureaucrat, though bureaucrat is the worst word in his dictionary.

*The Organization Man*, by William H. Whyte, Jr.\*, is about this new business man. The book has been a best-seller in the United States, not altogether because what it says is new, for many of us have had some sense of the things it talks about and found them vaguely disturbing, but because it makes clear to us just what our experience has been, how widespread are the facts on which it is based, and why we found them disturbing.

Whyte is less concerned with the official business of the organisation man than with the other things about him: his

origin, his education, his wife and children, his parties, his reading, his religion. Whyte gives us, for example, a splendid account of his life with his fellows in the great cantonments of the new suburbia. But above all Whyte is concerned, as I shall be concerned here, with his ideas of good and evil, with the major premisses that have been replacing the Protestant Ethic as working guides to behaviour. These Whyte calls the Social Ethic, by which he means 'that contemporary body of thought which makes morally legitimate the pressures of society against the individual. Its major propositions are three: a belief in the group as the source of creativity; a belief in "belongingness" as the ultimate need of the individual; and a belief in the application of science to achieve that belongingness'.

The American post-graduate business schools are in some ways more businesslike than business itself, and I shall suggest the shape of the new ethic, admittedly in a debased form, by giving you the advice that I have for years given unscrupulous undergraduates who nevertheless wanted to get into business school. 'The decisive moment', I say, 'is your interview with their admissions people. If you have good academic grades, never mention them. They know all about your shortcomings anyhow, and will give you no credit for cheap candour. Indeed, if you can manage it, avoid having any 'A's on your record. A physician connected with the school once said of a certain student: "He has four 'A's: he must be a very sick man". 'B', though, is an O.K. grade. Instead of going in for marks at the university, go in for extra-curricular activities, for they will make you an all-round man, so long as you bear in mind that you get to be an all-round man by not getting around too much. Stay away from the arts and the literary magazine. You might just get by with the glee club, and the college newspaper is all right. In these activities, be sure not to get the top job. If you did, the school might suspect you of ambition, which would prevent your becoming a good team-man. Vice-president is an O.K. job to have. Above all, when they ask you why you want to go into business, never say it's because you want to make a pile of money. Say you like people and want to work with them, for, as you will remember, business is people'.

Men who have taken this advice have invariably gotten into business school, and business has acquired, in spite of itself, a very few of the kind of men it needs—men of cool head and detached intelligence. Readers of Whyte's book will find even more valuable the advice he gives on a similar problem: how to cheat on personality tests.

## Fitting into the Team

You probably will not find the ethic that my advice plays up to anything very new. It much resembles the working ethic that a boy may have picked up at a second-class British public school preparing him for the Civil Service—no doubt fifty years ago. Not being too intellectual, too ambitious, too different—or at least not letting it show—and, above all, fitting smoothly into the team keep a man out of trouble in bureaucracy, or so some practical people have come to think, and it is not surprising that institutions feeding men into bureaucracy should teach them, in fact if not officially, what is believed to work there.

But it is one thing to learn under the table what is believed to work, another to accept it openly as a moral good. The new business bureaucracy is comparatively benevolent. It does not send its servant to an isolated district on a jungle frontier and forget about him until he is actually eaten by cannibals. It sees its executive personnel as a valuable asset, which has cost much to develop. It is for ever moving its men so that they can get wider experience, for ever calling them in for further training—though the experience and training may still be limited to company specialities. It looks out for its men and is felt by them to do so.



The old Civil Service bureaucracy was a rather chilly place, and its creed was negative: it kept you out of trouble. The new bureaucracy is Big Brother, and the ideas of anyone so kindly may easily come to be seen as positive virtues.

Not that the organisation imposes its creed on organisation man, even through kindness. He is already prepared to believe it. Even before the rise of the trusts, Americans were peculiarly ambivalent in their attitude towards the intellectual qualities. In the Calvinist tradition of maintaining a learned ministry they founded more universities than did most other peoples. Perhaps for that reason they were convinced that book-learning had little to do with secular life. And long ago De Tocqueville warned Americans against that facile co-operativeness, that gregariousness, which, on the one hand, allows them sufficient confidence in one another to get big enterprises going and, on the other, gives them leave to look on the man who will not 'go along' as a mere crank. The organisation man turns out to be an old American. He may turn out to be a future Englishman, for Britain has the organisations, too, and their influence may be strong enough to upset the Englishman's happy conviction that he has all the American virtues in less than American excess.

### Social Ethic Backed by Science

The ideas of the Social Ethic may be old in bureaucracy and in America. What is new about it is that these ideas are now supposed to be backed by science. Because American business is vaguely anti-intellectual without thinking much about it, American business men are permeable to ideas, for it takes an intellectual to intercept and if necessary reject the ideas coming his way; and some of the ideas of social science have been absorbed by business to strengthen tendencies that were strong enough already.

For instance, the whole psychological tradition beginning with Freud has pointed up the ambiguity of the intellectual processes: how often thinking is obsession sticking above the surface, how often difficulty in getting on with one's self is revealed in difficulty in getting on with other people. These things may be true, but it does not follow that 'smooth adjustment to the group' is the modern outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Yet this seems to be the conclusion that many of us are delighted to reach. Long before Freud we distrusted the 'temperamental long-hair'; now we can do it and feel psychiatry patting us on the back. One of the ironies of recent social thought is that the most radical ideas have confirmed us in our prejudices, and the great innovators have played into the hands of the conformers.

I speak with feeling and to purge myself of guilt. Since the war a flourishing branch of American psychology and sociology has been the study of the behaviour of men in small groups. It is true that some of us implied that so-called group dynamics, if only backed with enough cash, was in train to conquer most of the known miseries of social intercourse. But some of us—and I was one—were more sceptical of salvation. We were interested in small groups simply because we could make the detailed observations of social behaviour, on which we might hope to base the generalisations of a future science, only if the number of persons we observed was small. If, to take a trivial example, we found that a man is better liked by his fellow members the more closely he conforms to the standards of his group, there was no implication that conformity is an ethical good regardless of what the standards are, no implication that work done in a group is ethically or even practically superior to work done alone. If there was an ethical implication, it was that the rewards of conformity, like those of whisky, are so great that a group may easily abuse them. But what has been done with our work? The study of small groups has provided moral support for that very 'groupiness' of Americans against which De Tocqueville warned us. The American of the Social Ethic turns out again to be an old American, sanctified by psychology.

One company, for instance, deliberately set 'harmonious group thinking' as the goal of its research staff, and sacked a brilliant man who was not able to group-think. And a documentary film made for the Monsanto Chemical Company in order to inspire young men to go into chemistry ends by taking us to the Monsanto laboratories, where three young men in white coats are seen talking over a problem. The voice on the sound track rings out: 'No

geniuses here—just a bunch of average Americans working together'.

This does not add up to an attack on social science, which is making progress though more slowly than it thinks. But it should be supported for the right reason and not made to confirm us in our bad habits. Nor does it amount to an attack on the corporations. They are our essential instruments. Capitalism and socialism fight only over what name they shall be called by. The danger is less that they will oppress their working men than that they will kill their officers with kindness, and their officers is what more and more of us are getting to be. Co-operation for its own sake and a distrust of individual thinking are things that bureaucracy has seldom found trouble in fostering. They have gotten effective, though unintended, moral support from social science, in a culture that sets a high value on science.

On top of all this, the organisation takes such good care of its men that they may come to look on its ways not as habits to be put up with if they want to keep out of trouble but as virtues to be loved for themselves alone. In America, we were ready to love them anyway. Americans were never quite the rugged individualists they professed themselves to be. Rather, their easy associativeness was both their glory and their danger. When all three forces—American culture, corporative bureaucracy, and social science—work in line, the pressure may squash out qualities that give the life to men and nations. *The Organization Man* ends with an old plea in a new form, a plea that we render to the organisation only what is the organisation's—our service, not our souls.

With this I heartily agree. The individualist is a pretty tough man. In the loosely knit societies of the past, there were plenty of places where he could hole up and glare out at us. And we could trust him to do it. Today the holes are getting fewer. We may need to take some thought how to make the world safe for him, for the world's sake as well as his own.—*Third Programme*

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*A History of Industrial Chemistry* (Heinemann, 30s.), completed by Dr. F. Sherwood Taylor before his death last year, is in many respects his best book, and that is high praise indeed. It is beautifully produced. The pictures and diagrams are of first-rate quality and there is a good bibliography. It may be strongly recommended to the general reader. So much of modern scientific achievement is connected with industrial chemistry that a book like this one becomes a valuable introduction to the contemporary scientific and industrial scene. The first half deals with pre-scientific chemical industries: the early metals, cements, ceramics, glasses, pigments, combustibles, detergents, and drugs. It was the development of chemical theory—the change from craft to science—in the first half of the nineteenth century which has given us the gigantic, scientific, chemical industries of today. This business in all its important aspects is the subject of the second half of the book: industrial organic chemistry, biochemistry, the elements and processes that have led us to the atom-bomb, the electrochemical industries, industrial gas-reactions, and the vast and growing inorganic chemical industries of today.

Dr. Taylor gives a proper historical perspective to the gradual fusing of chemical knowledge with the older skill of the craftsman. His perspective, however, is not limited to the purely industrial. He presents clearly those basic discoveries in physics and biology, as well as those in chemistry, which have led to industrial advance. He emphasises, too, the social and economic causes at work. His range of topics is wide: from the early ceramics and glasses (and how lovely they were) to the nylons and artificial silks of today, from the early, unpleasant sulphur match to the rather bigger explosion of the hydrogen-bomb, from primitive magic to the vitamins and hormones of medicine which seem even more magical. Readers will be impressed especially by one simple fact: that the potential wealth of our world is enormous now that we have such excellent chemical processes and scientific theories behind the processes. We might have found our world one that remained poverty-stricken despite all we knew of, or could do for, the material side of life. In fact, the older we get, the more we realise that most of the good things of life are on the highway. Theory and practice in industrial chemistry are really providing us with the things we want. Dr. Taylor emphasises in a simple and straightforward way many facts like this one. He had the gift of making science intelligible and interesting to the ordinary reader. His attractive book should become in time a classic.





Lenin (centre), who with the support of Stalin (left) and Kalinin (right) overruled Trotsky's objections to Germany's terms during the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk which culminated in the treaty signed in March, 1918

## The Bolsheviks Consolidate their Power

The fifth of six talks by SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

AT the end of last week's talk I reached a time (in November 1917) when the Bolsheviks were in power in Petrograd and Moscow, but the rest of the country was in chaos. As head of the new Government Lenin had countless problems to solve; but he had two advantages. First, the October Revolution had been the triumph of a small, determined minority over the apathy and weariness of millions. Secondly, the Bolshevik leaders, especially Lenin and Trotsky, were exiles who had suffered none of the hardships and hunger of the war years in Russia. They therefore came fresh to the scene, filled with revolutionary ardour.

Lenin's immediate tasks were to make peace and to hold the elections to the Constituent Assembly. As the Russian armies were now a rabble, peace depended on the will of the Germans. The elections were held in November and resulted in a crushing defeat for the Bolsheviks. Of the 707 deputies elected, the Social-Revolutionaries had 370 and the Bolsheviks only 175. In spite of this set-back, Lenin who in opposition had been a strong supporter of the Constituent Assembly did not immediately ban its opening. Instead, he postponed the opening until January 18. Previously to this date, however, he had signed the decree establishing the Cheka, the dread secret organisation for dealing with counter-revolution, speculation, and sabotage. When the Constituent Assembly met, it functioned for a day and a night with Bolshevik sailors pointing their rifles at the speakers. At dawn the guard of sailors ordered the deputies to retire. On being asked why, the petty officer in charge replied that the guard was tired. The next forenoon the Bolsheviks annulled the Constituent Assembly by decree.

It was just at this time that I arrived in Petrograd. I had been called back to England in October

and was now being sent out again as Head of a Special Mission to the Bolshevik Government. As we did not recognise the new Government, the Embassy staff went back to England. My status was only semi-official, but I was given diplomatic immunity and the right to use cyphers and the British Government gave similar rights and a similar position to Litvinov who was the Bolshevik semi-official representative in London. My instructions were vague, the most important being to do what I could to prevent a separate peace between Russia and Germany.

I was now to see much of Trotsky and something of Lenin, for the peace problem was acute. Trotsky had led the Bolshevik peace delegation and had refused to sign the German terms. Declaring that Russia had gone out of the war, he had left the room. The German answer was an immediate advance on Petrograd. For a few days there was great excitement. Some of the Bolsheviks, including Trotsky, wanted to fight, and the British Government wished the new Government to invite the sending of British troops. Lenin, however, kept his head. Russia was past fighting. Peace was necessary. British help would be invited only if Germany tried to oust the Bolshevik Government. Peace was signed in Moscow on March 3.

I had remained in Petrograd with Trotsky, who had just been made Commissar for War. When this excitement was over, I travelled down with him to Moscow in his military train.

The changes in Moscow in the few months I had been away were startling. It had been the patriotic centre throughout the war. Now it was spineless and defeatist. Cabarets abounded in cellars. The genius of the hour was the decadent and artistic Vertinsky who sang the song of 'peace at any price'. I can still see him and remember the opening words:



The territory (shaded) lost by Russia under the terms of the treaty of March, 1918



I do not know why  
Or for what purpose:  
Who sent them to death  
With relentless, untrembling hand.  
Only it was all so useless, so evil and  
So pitiless . . .

The song was encored again and again. Taken all in all, that spring and summer of 1918 demanded strong nerves and vigilance. It was a period of the strangest contradictions. No one wanted to fight the Germans. The soldiers at the front fought with one another like savages to get on to the trains which were to take them back to the rear. Many climbed on to the roofs of the carriages and were killed when the trains passed through low tunnels. In Moscow, which had again become the capital, most people did not want to fight anybody. They wanted help. The rich bourgeoisie wanted the Germans to take Moscow and Petrograd. The intelligentsia and the Social-Revolutionaries wanted Anglo-French intervention. Yet sporadic civil war, which had really started with Kornilov's attempted *coup d'état*, was going on in many parts of the country, and, while Lenin was signing and ratifying the peace with Germany, Trotsky, a great organiser, was creating the Red Army.

### Between Two Revolutions

The February Revolution had been a bloodless revolution, because it was virtually unanimous. The October Revolution was cruel and bloody because it was made by a minority. The streets of Moscow were for a time highly dangerous at night, because hungry cut-throats lay in wait for the unwary. Yet the Bolshoi Theatre and the Moscow Art Theatre never shut their doors and were packed both by the bourgeoisie and the proletariat.

I got to know nearly all the leading Bolsheviks, including even Derjinsky, the President of the Cheka, or OGPU. I was on reasonably good terms with the Government and had formed the opinion that it was likely to be in power for a long time, not because it was strong, but because the opposition was so weak. Indeed, some of the individual Bolsheviks like Radek, Karachan, and even Peters kept open door for me, came to my hotel, and gossiped gaily while they smoked my tobacco and offered me cigars. I even was invited to the Central Executive Committee meeting to hear Trotsky speak on the new Red Army. Nevertheless, I had to be on my guard, for the Bolsheviks trusted no one, and, weekly, if not daily, they sent *agents-provocateurs* to put me to the test. They had not learnt the guile and cunning which they possess today.

The most exciting episode of the summer was the attempted counter-revolution of the left Social-Revolutionaries who were then in coalition with the Bolsheviks. Most of the left Social-Revolutionaries had their supporters in the Ukraine which was then under German occupation. The German yoke was harsh, and the left Social-Revolutionaries did not like Lenin's peace. Still less did they like the arrival in Moscow of the German ambassador, Count Mirbach. The counter-revolution started during the Fifth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, held in the Bolshoi Theatre, and I sat in a box opposite the German diplomats, while the left Social-Revolutionaries booed and told the German butchers to leave the theatre. While this was going on, the left Social Revolutionary supporters had seized the post office, fired a shot or two at the Kremlin, and arrested for an hour or so Derjinsky, the head of the Cheka. Meanwhile, a left Social-Revolutionary member of the Cheka called Blumkin, who lived almost next to me in our hotel, had murdered the German ambassador. It was an exciting day, but Trotsky soon dealt with the mutineers, and before night-fall order was restored.

In spite of these diversions Lenin and the other leaders were laying the foundations of the Bolshevik state and emitting decrees almost with the speed of machine-gun bullets. All rights of landed property, including Church lands, were abolished without compensation. A similar decree transferred all industry to the workers, and a decree on nationalities conferred on the large, non-Russian elements in Russia the same equality and sovereignty enjoyed by the Russian people and also the right to secede from Russia and to form independent states. This last decree was prepared by Stalin, who was to become the greatest imperialist in Russian history.

Inevitably, the decrees and the separate peace with Germany made the Bolshevik regime extremely unpopular in France and

Britain, and armed intervention was advocated in the Franco-British press. As a consequence of the peace I was ordered to urge Trotsky to allow the Czech and Slovak legionaries to leave Russia in order to fight on the Western Front. These Czech and Slovak troops had been formed during the Kerensky regime, mainly from Slav deserters from the Austro-Hungarian armies. After long haggling Trotsky allowed them to leave, not by Archangel but by Siberia. From this decision was to come disaster. On May 21 we received news that fighting had broken out between the Czech legionaries, then half-way across Siberia, and the Bolsheviks. No one knows for certain what happened, but the Bolshevik Government blamed France and Britain. From this moment my relations with Trotsky were never the same as formerly.

As the summer developed, more and more articles appeared in the Moscow newspapers accusing France and Britain of preparing armed intervention. The information was not without some foundation. Doubtless, Litvinov in London had his ear to the ground. I myself had failed to persuade the Bolsheviks to accept intervention against the Germans. I had also warned the British Government that, if they landed in Russia without Bolshevik consent, the amount of support they would receive from the anti-Bolshevik elements would be in direct proportion to the number of French and British troops they were prepared to send. In other words, unless they sent a large force, they would receive little Russian support.

On August 4 the Allies landed in Archangel with a very small force. The fat was in the fire. I had applied for my passport a day or two before the landing, but, although I had Lenin's promise to go when I wanted, my request was refused. To be exact, I was asked *how* I proposed to return to England. When I said 'via Archangel', which was then the only possible route, the Bolshevik Foreign Office said, 'Oh no! The allies are going to land there'. The allied missions were now caught in a trap. Five days after the landing in Archangel, the Moscow newspapers proclaimed a great naval victory over the British. The Russians had sunk a barge on the Drina river. What this meant was that whereas they had been highly alarmed by the prospect of intervention they now realised that it was not serious.

There was one episode which might have changed history. On August 31 a young Jewish girl called Kaplan fired two shots almost point-blank at Lenin as he was stepping down off the platform in a Moscow factory. Had Lenin died, there would have been a holocaust of western nationals. Even as it was, Captain Cromie, the British Naval Attaché, was shot down by Red Guards while he was defending the Embassy. All members of the French and British Missions were arrested, and I had the doubtful honour of being the first British subject to enjoy solitary confinement in the Kremlin. It was also the beginning of 'the Terror' for the unfortunate Russian anti-Bolsheviks. Lenin, however, recovered and stopped what might have been a panic.

The civil war was to last nearly three years. The western intervention proceeded mainly in the form of money and supplies to the anti-Bolsheviks. It never made much headway. Indeed, it helped—perhaps more than anything else—to galvanise the Bolsheviks who today continue to boast that they repelled the invasion by the armies of Britain, France, and the United States, although at no time were there more than a few thousand western troops on Russian soil. The intervention—a mistake in any form—was yet another example of the folly of half-measures. It depressed the anti-Bolsheviks by its weakness. It facilitated Lenin's consolidation of power.—*European Service*

### 'RUSSIA, THE ATOM, AND THE WEST'

by George Kennan

(former U.S. Ambassador in Moscow)

### The Reith Lectures for 1957

will be published in THE LISTENER

beginning next week



# The Messiahs of the Milk Bars?

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

I HAVE been trying to feel young again: not because the experience is at all agreeable, but because I am hypnotised by the young people who have compiled this book called *Declaration*.<sup>\*</sup> Not all that young: still, the oldest of them is ten years younger than I am, and several of the others are in their twenties. So I have crept back, behind the time-barrier of the war, in order to put myself in their place.

Their place is that of the critic of society. There are eight of them, and their declaration is a declaration of faith—faith in their own ability to disturb what their editor, Tom Maschler, calls 'the apathy, the complacency, the idealistic bankruptcy of their environment'. Each of them has his own formula; they are in no sense a group. Three of them pin their hopes to religion, the remaining five to differing degrees of radicalism. I use the word radicalism because of the curious sense of a vanished world given off by the left-wingers in this book. Their indictments remind me of long-ago provincial Liberal meetings. They do not make the obvious terms of reference to Hegel, Marx, and Lenin, but stick to the generalities of progressive thought forty years ago.

## Disinterested Hate of Society

However, that is by the way. What is interesting about these eight writers is that they are young, that anyway Tom Maschler thinks them representative, and that they have taken up cudgels for different reasons against the society in which they live. It is not as if they were failures in the eyes of that society. There is John Osborne, quite rightly the most successful young dramatist of the day. There are Colin Wilson, John Wain, Lindsay Anderson, and Kenneth Tynan, each of whom has broken through the larva stage of mere promise into the bright-winged world of acknowledgement. Stuart Holroyd and Bill Hopkins have only done less well for lack of time, and Doris Lessing is among the best women writers living in England. No place here for sour grapes. If these people hate society their hate is at least disinterested.

Flickering in mind back and forth over the last twenty-five years, I have found it hard to discover exactly what it is that they hate. The answer, I think, is given by John Wain. It is the slowness of change which depresses them. Since almost all, however, appear to lack any historical sense whatever, they take no account of what has been happening during their own lifetime. A careless reader might take large tracts of this book as propaganda against the Welfare State, as a set of manifestos preparing the way for some neo-fascist utopia. What they really dislike, perhaps, is less society than the public from which they earn their living. They dislike it for one set of reasons if they are materialists. In that case, other people seem dull, gullible, and snobbish. If on the other hand they are transcendentalists, they accuse the public of lack of purpose, torpidity, unawareness. These two main types represented in *Declaration*, the transcendentalist and the materialist, kept reminding me of the comic secretaries in a celebrated cartoon series, *Dot and Carrie*. The public is their employer, Mr. Spillikin, getting everything wrong, muffing every answer, and terrified of his wife, while Dot and Carrie, having scored off him once again, look artfully down at their nails, smiling in profile.

There is nothing very new in all this. I can hardly think of a single young writer of any consequence who has not been appalled either by society, or by his own public, or by both. The young Wordsworth, Shelley, Arnold . . . no, it is a waste of time to compile so all-embracing a list. And when it comes to my own generation, I suppose it could be said that they were lucky to find causes ready to their hand. But they did not let the causes go. They died for them, sometimes, in Spain or elsewhere. They experienced at first hand what was going on in the central Europe and the Italy of the nineteen-thirties, they broke out of the deaden-

ing provincialism of England and returned to utter warnings which helped as much as any political pronouncement to awaken the British to what was going on abroad. Did they have the same dislike of their public in their hearts? No, I do not think so. The Osbornes and the Tynans and the Wains of the nineteen-thirties were called Auden and Spender and John Cornford and Day Lewis and Isherwood. In spite of the times in which they were young they never lost confidence in the goodness and the power of ordinary people. And they never shut themselves behind their own frontiers and drew general conclusions on the basis of local evidence. There was also, though it may seem surprising, a general absence of class feeling among the writers of the 'thirties. Certainly they romanticised, generally under Marxist guidance, the figure of the worker. They saw him enlarged and dramatised—like the figure in a drawing by Käthe Kollwitz. But where personal relations came in they were totally unlike the self-conscious young men who appear in *Declaration*. A steel-worker or a millionairess fitted equally easily into their scheme of things, without their giving a moment's thought to the matter.

I cannot, for instance, imagine anyone of my generation writing, like John Osborne, these words:

One of the difficulties in the way of trying to establish a 'working' culture is the stupidity of most critics, who misinterpret one's intentions, partly from insensibility, but also from simple, unacknowledged ignorance.

A working culture here means a culture of universal appeal to working people—but I cannot admit that critics in general can be separated from the rest of the world as non-working people. If their hearts are socially in the wrong place, the best of them anyway share that place with Sainte-Beuve, Saintsbury, Karl Kraus, Ezra Pound, and William Empson. But before John Osborne, I conceive that no one has worried very much about it. However, worry about the social structure is an important part of *Declaration*. And it seems strange to me that as the world in general levels out towards one more or less uniform middle class, intellectuals should tend to become even more snobbish than the public they despise. In the past they have often been sycophantic, or anarchic; never before have they shown such signs of bitterness because they were not born under a strawberry-leaf. To boss the Queen, unseat the House of Lords, and plough up the playing-fields of Eton have never before been considered kinds of activity to which writers ought as a matter of course to aspire. I gather, however, that none of these eight writers, however passionate their views, is in the least interested in the process of government. They are down, therefore, to the rock-bottom level of the manifesto. Nailing up colours is something which even the most indignant can manage, especially when someone else is left responsible for the navigation.

## Attitude to Religion

But it is in the field of religion that the authors of *Declaration* are at their most idiosyncratic. Some are against it, flat, and here we know where we are. Those who are for it, however, seem to have a curious notion of what it is they are supporting. Says Stuart Holroyd:

Freedom consists in power over oneself, in self-knowledge, and in a broad grasp on existence. What they reduce to is the religious attitude. Now my argument is that the corruption of the religious attitude in our time has deprived man of his freedom, and has consequently deprived him also of his depth.

Says Bill Hopkins:

There has been a nonsensical confusion between belief and religion that has lasted for centuries. Instead of belief finding its separate identity, it has always been inextricably tied to religion.



And, finally, Colin Wilson, of his Outsider:

The anarchy of the age confuses him; it gives him no solid position from which to fire off his guns. He must begin by building such a position. When it is built, it is called Existentialism. Once upon a time, it would have been called religion.

So religion is power—though I like that 'broad grasp on existence', a thing which even the saints have not always found within their range—religion is power, religion is a Nietzschean concept, a fortification of the will. This scarcely accords with Bill Hopkins' theory that belief is the thing that counts: belief in no matter what. Just keep your beliefs flowing strongly enough, and you can cut away religion like a grumbling appendix. However, the Outsider squares the circle. By calling religion Existentialism—and thereby bypassing the only accepted meaning of that much-abused word—he suggests that we can make it up as we go on. I wonder what on earth these young men think they are talking about? You will notice that they commit themselves to nothing at all. Even when the Outsider himself has his gun-emplacement fixed he has nothing to put in the breach.

### Clarity of the Nineteen-thirties

I check myself here, and wonder whether the spirit of the nineteen-thirties has not made me unjust. If so, it is because my period gave me a taste for clarity. Never very clear-minded myself, I was an indifferent teacher; but at least I could acknowledge the clarity of those from whom I learned. I could learn different things from Bertrand Russell, George Santayana, Christopher Dawson, D. H. Lawrence, Eliot, Gide. I could be as eclectic as I liked. But none of my teachers ever offered me a diet of pure wind, or stuffed my appetite with the undigested leaves of his note-book, or fobbed me off with some rune so detached from any ascertainable system of thought that it hung like a form of words loose on the air.

That was partly because it was much easier to be young twenty-five years ago. For one thing, the causes to react against were much more clear-cut. There really was an Establishment, as there is not today. There really were injustices which nobody yet felt it his business to right. Marxism was not yet stale, fascism was an active danger. Incidentally there are some disquieting neo-fascist undertones in—of all places—the religious sections of *Declaration*. But, above all, twenty-five years ago contacts between the generations were much closer. Naturally, we often thought people older than ourselves almost half-witted and singularly devoid of useful experience; but we kept our contacts with them, argued with them and generally managed to find one or two, according to our temperament, with whom we could establish an intellectual affinity.

I do not suppose the writers in *Declaration* really represent much except themselves. They certainly do not speak or claim to speak for the majority of their generation—that, indeed, is one of the things which makes them so indignant. But there is some significance in the fact that eight interested and articulate young people should be at once so angry and so unconstructive. I have been reading a letter to *The Spectator* by another young man who is very cross with the middle-aged for affecting to be puzzled by this anger. The young, he says, are angry because England is still riddled with class-consciousness. This, if true, is a reversion to the nineteenth century, so far as intellectuals are concerned. Not the English, but the entire human race, is riddled with class-consciousness; the contribution of the young contemporary highbrow is to worry about this. Then they are angry because the Establishment still rules, we learn. The repeated use of the word 'still' confirms John Wain's diagnosis. Things are not moving fast enough—a healthy reaction in any circumstances at any time.

### Is There an Establishment?

But is there really an Establishment? I ought to know, for I once found myself, much to my surprise, included in a weekly paper among its leaders. Briefly, my telephone voice was touched with the rich unctious of authority. I flexed my arm in order to pull larger and more and more complex strings. As before, however, nobody paid the slightest attention, in spite of my little puff, and I was forced to conclude that what the term 'Establishment' means is that authority is in the hands of human beings,

whom it is possible to approach and with whom it is easy to discuss what ought to be done. Short of abolishing democracy altogether it is hard to see how that kind of Establishment can ever be dispensed with. Complaints on the subject seem to emanate from unlucky Führer-types, who do not get enough chance of ordering other people about.

Then I read that the English 'upper and middle classes tend to be ignorant and insensitive to philistines'. This is music in the ears of the middle-aged, though a little saddening too, for it shows that the young have retained none of the books, from Matthew Arnold to Sir Osbert Sitwell, tackling this subject over the last hundred years. They are not likely to be more successful with their own attempts to turn every quiet Lincolnshire squire into a Proudhon (a very angry young man, incidentally) and to give the managers of drapery stores a taste for Kierkegaard rather than for bad English films.

There are three writers in *Declaration* who come down to earth, however: Doris Lessing, John Wain, and Lindsay Anderson. They may not have anything very new to say—and after all what *can* be said which is new about the place of the writer in society?—but they are at least practical. For one thing, they stress the importance of the writer having a little talent.

The positive side of the book comes out, for once, very clearly in Lindsay Anderson's plea for a closer link between human problems, economic problems, and the problems of art. 'What kind of Britain do we want?' he asks:

What ideal are we going to set ourselves in our re-ordering of society? What truths do we hold to be self-evident? ... At least the Tory position is frank, with its rejection of equality as a 'dreary' ideal ... It is socialism which has yet to present its solution dynamically, to shake off its complexes of inferiority and opposition, to speak with confidence, and from the heart.

From the heart; those are the operative words: and they are rubbed home by Kenneth Tynan's complaint of socialist joylessness. The enheartening thing about these eight young writers is their wish to shake our middle-class civilisation out of its apathy, to force it towards some pattern of exhilaration. They want—and how right they are—to adapt the spirit of William Morris to the twentieth century; and if only the other contributors were as un-selfcentred and as cogent as Lindsay Anderson their book might be greeted as a paean of hope.

### Unconcern with the Ability to Create

But what is disturbing about this symposium in general is that the contributors are much more concerned with the ancillary virtues of writers than with their ability to write. They fortify their faith, they remind them how hopeless the Government is and how ineffective the Opposition, they doubt if Evelyn Waugh is a wise counsellor and they wag a finger at the Archbishop of Canterbury. But what they do *not* worry about is their own capacity to create anything.

This, to anyone older, is incomprehensible. *We* tried, I think, when we were very young first of all to write, then when we were a little older to think before we wrote, and only thirdly to strike attitudes. Doris Lessing is the oldest of the contributors to this book, and she is one effective bridge between them and my own generation. She calls her contribution 'The Small Personal Voice', and she reinforces what Lindsay Anderson has to say. Writers must keep in touch with their times, but they must not forget that, as she says,

committedness can sell out to expediency. Once you admit that 'art should be willing to stand aside for life', then the little tracts about progress, the false optimism, the dreadful lifeless products of socialist realism, become inevitable.

There is no age-group of writers today which can feel particularly proud of its accomplishment. We are all in it together. That is why I find it saddening to read a book which establishes a purely artificial division between writers on the score of age, whereas the only real division between them lies in terms of talent. I comfort myself with two reflections: the first, that there are a number of young writers—including some who appear in *Declaration*—who have shown themselves fully capable of carrying on the business, as opposed to the journalesque of literature; and the second, that the rest can always hope to find some measure of fame as the subject of one of Angus Wilson's stories.

—Third Programme



# On Collecting Matchbox Labels

By DONALD SAYER

**H**OW long did it take you to collect all these matchbox labels? This is the question everybody asks, but numbers are not everything and time means nothing now that the hobby is so commercialised and modern issues are so easy to come by. It is not normally so easy to add those old and obsolete labels to one's collection. Keep your eyes and ears open for these old types which one may have read about but never hoped to own: they do turn up in all sorts of places and under varying circumstances. I have had them sent to me after being found in demolished buildings, under floorboards, in the roof of a church in North Wales, in a sideboard in an auction room in Canterbury; and one was even taken from a dead Japanese soldier in Burma during the last war. Make your hobby known to as many people as possible, and get all the press publicity that is going. You will be surprised what it can do for you!



Italian, about 1880: Jupiter inspecting the Vestal Virgins

Those early classic issues of matchbox labels are masterpieces of the early printers' craftsmanship. The subjects they portray are innumerable: everything and everybody of importance has been pictured on them, and it is true to say they tell us the history of the world, and include references to both the Christian and pagan faiths. Personally, I find the religious labels particularly interesting.

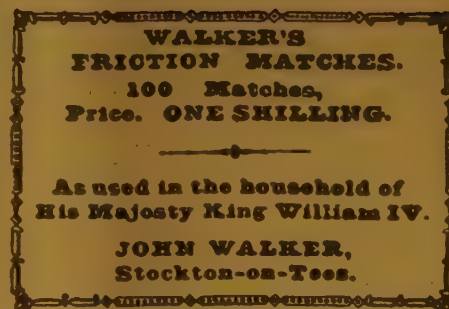
Let us go back 130 years to April 1827, when John Walker, a chemist of Stockton-on-Tees, County Durham, made a great scientific advance in inventing the friction match; never before had anyone produced a match to be ignited by simple friction. Matches in those days were obviously a luxury, because a tin containing 100 of Walker's 'Friction Lights', as he called them, cost 1s. 2d.—a lot of money, and not within the limits of everybody's pocket. Before Walker's invention, this business of fire-making was always a problem, and primitive man went to great pains to produce and maintain it. Even in the Bible there are several references to the rubbing of sticks together to start a fire, and also to the use of the flint and steel method.

A very early form of friction match was the Vesta, and this Roman virgin divinity has given her name to hundreds of different types of matchbox labels. This goddess had a temple at Rome, and there she was not represented by a statue but by a sacred fire which was kept burning by six Vestal Virgins, who took a vow of chastity when appointed for their thirty-year term of office. These vesta labels make a fine study as they went through so many stages, such as wax vestas, fusee vestas, candlewax vestas, and many more—and they are still on the market in various forms. A label issued by Italy about 1880 for the Buenos Aires market shows Jupiter, the supreme deity of the Romans, with a large white beard

and standing barefooted in front of the six Vestal Virgins. His left arm is raised, and in his right hand he holds a streak of lightning. This unusual label is inscribed: 'Jupiter inspecting the Vestals'.

Many of the famous and rare religious labels naturally offended people, especially in Europe. Rare labels are those of the nineteenth century, especially pre-1875, the period when Japan came into the match-making field. My Japanese label picturing the Virgin Mary and Child Jesus was issued in 1884 for sale in Christian countries, but this was banned in Europe after a very short life. Another representation of Jesus Christ as seen by the Japanese appears on a rare Japanese upright label. The Japanese number many Christians, and the label was intended for their home market. This again was banned in Europe.

Always a great producer of fine matchbox labels, Mexico issued a set of famous paintings by Antonio Allegri, and one shows the Virgin Mary bending over the Holy Babe. The Last Supper is



Matchbox labels (reproduced the size of originals): the first label on a box of friction matches, 1827



Japanese, 1884: the Virgin and Child



Peruvian, from a religious set of sixty, 1875: the Holy Family



Right, Indian: the Good Shepherd, Nazareth

commemorated on a Spanish match label in a reproduction of Leonardo Da Vinci's famous picture. This sacred subject adorning a matchbox also gave offence.

India has produced many religious subjects on matchbox labels. The first one that comes to mind, and probably the most talked-of label in the world, is called 'Jesus Christ Safety Matches'. I have not got one, but its story is very interesting. This label is

sometimes called the Crucifixion label, and is a great rarity, because it was quickly suppressed for illustrating a representation of Jesus Christ actually on the Cross. All this happened back in the nineteen-thirties, causing much scandal and indignation: public meetings were held, the subject was mentioned in church pulpits, some newspapers alleged blasphemous representation, and questions were asked in the House of Commons, until finally the Government was forced to take action by banning the offending label, which it is believed was intended for the devout Christians of Southern India. This seems reasonable, as Indian



Italian, 1953 (commemorating the Coronation of H.M. the Queen): Westminster Abbey



French: Blois Cathedral



match manufacturers, so far as the labels are concerned, cater for the areas in which they are intended for distribution. In other words, the labels picture deities or other subjects which the masses can understand and recognise.

A couple of years ago I bought an old collection of 18,000 labels, and, thumbing through one of the seven home-made albums, I came across a fine twentieth-century glazed Italian label founded on an Italian engraving of about 1600, portraying the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. I know of no other collector with this label, which shows Christ leaving the sepulchre and facing the Roman soldiers set as a guard over the tomb by Pontius Pilate. In my opinion, this is a great rarity.

I had another find in this old collection—the rare Indian label called 'The Good Shepherd, Nazareth', which shows Jesus Christ holding a lamb and carrying a crook. This is a colourful upright label which does not appear in many collections.

### 'Lights in Darkest England'

Now let us return to England, to those rare and obsolete 'Lights in Darkest England' labels issued by the Salvation Army. These tell the story of the dreaded disease which caused the decay of the jawbone among match factory workers. Because of this, back in the eighteen-nineties General William Booth opened the Salvation Army match works at Old Ford in London. There they manufactured matches and convinced the public and the world that it was possible to do so without any risk of the painful disease to the workers; and, having accomplished this, the factory closed down. These labels rarely change hands, and bear such legends as 'Love Thy Neighbour as Thyself', 'Blood and Fire', 'Our Work is for God and Humanity', and 'Bear One Another's Burdens'. All are unique specimens and collectors' pieces.

Now that the matchbox label has passed its centenary, it can, in my opinion, be called an antique, and throughout these 100 years I wonder how many different varieties of matchbox labels have been produced throughout the world. Nobody knows—nobody will ever know—as so many varieties have gone unrecorded. Catalogues on a modified scale are available, but anything on the scale of a comprehensive catalogue is an impossibility. However, it is some consolation to know that many of the early unique issues have survived. In my Peruvian section I have a beautiful set of sixty different religious labels which were issued in 1875 and eventually withdrawn because the Church and public opinion disapproved of the portrayals: this unique set shows seven representations of Jesus Christ, a scene at Nazareth, and the Virgin Mary and Joseph, and is of a deeply religious nature.

Italy is by no means the biggest match-label producer, but I think their issues of the 1870-80 period, when countries were fighting for world markets, were the best ever produced by any country. In 1870 they issued a rare religious label picturing Pope Leo XIII giving his papal blessing. His Holiness also appears on a Spanish label forming part of a set of seventy-five issued about 1910.

Even saints and martyrs appear on labels in my collection. The Franciscan Friar, St. Anthony, who when refused an audience by mankind went to the seashore and preached to the fishes, is pictorially recorded on two Portuguese issues. I also have missionaries: a nice multi-coloured set of seven, from Mexico. Matchbox labels remind us, too, of religious festivals. My rare Spanish issue features the Jewish Feast of the Passover.

I wonder how many of the famous religious buildings throughout the world are *not* featured on matchbox labels? Referring to my collection, and especially my early Italian issues, I would say the answer is very few. Some of the cathedrals portrayed are Hereford, Lincoln, York, and St. Paul's in England; St. Mark's in Venice; Rheims and Notre Dame in France; St. Andrew's in Sydney, New South Wales; and St. Louis in New Orleans.

### A Banned Issue

What a wealth of information those Japanese, Chinese, and Indian brands provide regarding the temples, mosques, and pagodas of the East! There was a famous issue from Palestine called 'The Holy Mosque' which was for sale in Syria and Lebanon. This label was banned because of protests from Moslem

leaders in about 1936, after only a few cases had been sold. Still another aspect of these religious matchbox labels is the graves, shrines, and pagoda-like shrines, many of which are shown on Eastern issues. The tomb of the American Unknown Soldier at the National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia, is depicted; also the Lenin Mausoleum in Moscow. Issues from at least nine different countries have shown the famous Taj Mahal at Agra on the River Jumna.

Some American labels have been issued as a form of religious propaganda. One of mine shows hands clasped in prayer and reads: 'Oh Lord, please help me to keep my nose out of other people's business. Amen'. Another says: 'Go to Church'. Over the border, in Canada, an unusual match-book reads: 'God made man and rested. God made earth and rested. Then God made woman. Since then no one has rested'.

This collecting of matchbox labels is absorbing and instructive. It is true to say that the matchbox—its label and contents—issued throughout the years, is a striking industry in more senses than one, and to me this form of collecting is the doyen of hobbies.

—Network Three

The Guinness Poetry Awards for 1956-57 were made at a ceremony held last week in the Goldsmiths' Hall, London, and presided over by Lord Moyne. The first, second, and third awards went respectively to Vernon Watkins for his poem 'The Tributary Seasons', to C. Day Lewis for his poem 'Moods of Love', and to Roy Fuller for his poem 'Seven Mythological Sonnets'. The three judges were Richard Church, Laurie Lee, and W. P. MacDonogh. It was announced that awards would be made for another year under the same conditions.

Much has been written about the famous Balham mystery of the eighteen-seventies known as the Bravo Case. The latest reconstruction of it is contained in John Williams' book *Suddenly at the Priory* (Heinemann, 25s.). As John Dickson Carr says in a foreword: 'The Bravo Case has few rivals in the history of crime', and Mr. Williams' account, with its suggested solution of a hitherto unsolved mystery, makes fascinating reading.

## Cygnets and Flowers by the Wall

Wear this day for a charm.

See for a while  
On the curve and the tan  
Of this paddling arm  
These few crimson papery  
Petals of loosestrife  
Caught as they fall:

See the cob and his mate  
Through the petals of August  
Heave by and hiss;  
And these five cygnets behind them,  
Tentative, tender,  
Plunging their shale-fashioned beaks  
Into this flower-rafted  
Water, that way and this.

Though ripples of heat may be now  
Confusing your eye,  
See for a while—they are petals as well—  
These reflections of children,  
Pink, green and gray,  
Floating by.

See more confetti of petals  
Fail now and fall,  
Where our river slows, blackens,  
Deepens today  
Under this festival-flower-tufted  
Twist in the wall.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON



# What Is a Dictionary?

By J. ISAACS

**W**HAT is a dictionary? It all depends whether you are a dictionary-user or a dictionary-maker. The dictionary-user has certain needs. The dictionary-maker works on principles. But, as Dr. Johnson said 200 years ago, ordinary readers do not worry about principles and 'know not any other use of a dictionary than that of adjusting orthography, or explaining terms of science or words of infrequent occurrence, or remote derivation'. You may use a dictionary to settle a bet, to see what a word means, how it is spelt, how it is pronounced, how it is used, who invented it, when it was first used, whether it is still current or obsolete, whether it is standard English or dialect or a technical term or colloquial or slang, whether it is a nice word or a naughty word. It took a long time before all these things could be answered accurately in a single work called a dictionary, about 400 years, in fact.

The first printed book in England to be called a dictionary was Sir Thomas Elyot's fine Latin-English Dictionary in 1538. The first truly English dictionary—i.e., giving the meaning of English words in English—is usually said to be Robert Cawdrey's *A Table Alphabeticall* in 1604, whose title-page clearly indicates its scope. It is in alphabetical order, giving the correct spelling and the meaning, not of all words but only of the *hard* words derived from foreign languages, and it is intended specially for women. It is a tiny volume, containing only about 3,000 words, and only one copy has survived, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. But half the words, half the definitions, the instructions for use, and the technical presentation of this 'first' English dictionary, are stolen from a book by Edmund Coote, called *The English Schoole-Master*, published eight years before, in 1596. Here, then, are the beginnings of the purely English dictionary, and the first principle of dictionary-making appears clearly, and that is: crib as much as you can from previous dictionaries.

## 'An Interpreter of Hard English Words'

The first English dictionary to be called a dictionary is Henry Cockeram's *The English Dictionarie: or, An Interpreter of Hard English Words*, in 1623. It is the first dictionary with anything like a mission. For the first time an English dictionary sets out to be a help in attaining to excellence in writing. It is in three parts. The first part contains the hard, foreign, or latinate words with a simple English explanation. '*Flagellate*: to whip or scourge', '*Phylologie*: love of much babbling'. The third part is a kind of encyclopaedic dictionary of gods and goddesses, fabulous birds and beasts, and geographical terms. Cockeram was the first to make this a part of an English dictionary, but he took the idea from the existing Latin dictionaries. I like the *Scolopendra*, a 'Fish which feeling himself taken with the hook, casteth out his bowels, and then having loosed the hook, swalloweth them again', but even this description is stolen from an earlier dictionary.

It is the second part which is really exciting, a device to enable you to 'write posh', as it were. You look up the 'vulgar' words, and against them you find the more elegant—i.e., the more latinate—'dictionary' words. Dr. Johnson was not free from this latinate tendency, and Boswell records a notorious instance. When speaking of Buckingham's comedy 'The Rehearsal', Johnson said: 'It has not wit enough to keep it sweet'. 'This was easy', says Boswell, 'he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more round sentence "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction!"'

In the seventeenth century, dictionary-makers were busy stealing from each other. In the eighteenth century, they were beginning to go about things more methodically, making plans for the perfect dictionary, and beginning, even if only in a rudimentary fashion, to work on serious principles. The greatest monument to this, and the greatest English dictionary produced by one man, was Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* of 1755. His most startling and influential

innovation was the giving of quotations to illustrate the various senses in which words had been used. His most brilliant achievement, in which as a single lexicographer he is still unsurpassed, was the careful discrimination and definition of the different usages of a single word. It was a large work in two enormous volumes, and dealt with about 40,000 words. The *Oxford Dictionary*, by contrast, has 500,000.

## Dr. Johnson: the End of a Process

What exactly is the position of Johnson's *Dictionary* in the evolution of English lexicography? A great deal has been written about this, and most of it is either erroneous or misleading. Johnson is the end of one process and the beginning of another. Everything he did had been done at some time or other, and in some place or other before him. He was not the first to make etymology important; that was done by Bailey. He was not the first to discriminate and number the different senses of words. That was done by Benjamin Martin. And though Johnson's was the first English dictionary to give illustrative quotations, that had been done in early classical dictionaries, and very carefully and extensively in the great Italian dictionary of the Della Crusca Academy which he was emulating, and of which he had a copy in his own library. And in the important principle of using a dictionary to fix the standard of polite and elegant usage in language, he was the representative of his age and he had his predecessors.

One of the chief difficulties in dictionary-making was to decide what kinds of words should be included or excluded. English dictionaries began by dealing with *hard* words, mainly from the Latin and Greek, then modern foreign words, aliens, were included and labelled, then obsolete words, and dialect words, also clearly marked; and finally cant words, or thieves' slang. As Elisha Coles said in 1676: 'Tis no disparagement to understand the Canting Terms. It may chance to save your throat from being cut, or (at least) your Pocket from being pickt', and in 1737 Nathanael Bailey included a thirty-six-page collection of words used by 'Beggars, Gypsies, Cheats, House-Breakers, Shop-Lifters, Foot-Pads, and Highway-Men'. It was Bailey, too, who marked with an asterisk words recommended to be used, and with a dagger words which should not be used because they might produce a 'low and groveling' style.

Even sex reared its ugly head at an early period. Renaissance school-vocabularies included words like 'brothel' and 'bawd' and 'harlot', and scores of pages in Florio, after giving the meanings of an Italian word, add 'also a man's or woman's privities'. There is the recorded episode of Dr. Johnson calling on two ladies, who complimented him on the omission of all *naughty* words from his dictionary, and his disconcerting reply, 'What, my dears! Then you have been looking for them?'

## A Startling Idea

All these words, whether included or excluded, are words of special character. It was not until 1702 in J.K.'s *New English Dictionary*, that anyone had the startling idea of making a dictionary of ordinary words, only 'such English Words as are genuine and used by Persons of clear Judgment and good Style, . . . omitting such as are obsolete, barbarous, foreign or peculiar to the several Counties of England, and abstruse and uncouth Terms of Art'. It is the earliest attempt to explain common words.

To define a simple word seems to be one of the most difficult things in lexicography. I think I was first attracted to definitions at the age of ten when my form-master quoted the not very serious definition of a 'net' as 'a lot of holes tied together with string'. Dr. Johnson's notorious definition of 'network' is 'anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between



the intersections'. But he could do better. Almost perfect in its simplicity is his definition of 'mesh' as 'the space between the threads of a net'.

If there is anything that can be called epoch-making in the history of lexicography it is certainly the two papers read before the Philological Society in November 1857, exactly 100 years ago, by Richard Trench, Dean of Westminster, 'On some deficiencies in our English Dictionaries'. These two papers laid the foundation of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. He said plainly that 'a Dictionary is an Inventory of the Language. It is no task of the maker of it to select the good words of a language. He is an historian of it, not a critic. A Dictionary is an historical monument: the history of a nation contemplated from one point of view. . . . A Dictionary should, by means of dated examples, present us with the history of words'.

As a purist he attacks the older dictionaries, and he objects to Dr. Johnson devoting twenty-one lines to an air-pump and as many to the natural history of the armadillo, and, he might also have added, half a column to 'opium'. In other words, he objects to a dictionary having personality. I like a dictionary to have personality. I like the quotations to tell me something of the mind and mood of the age. Bailey's *Dictionary* of 1730 has an article on 'Gothick Building' which is an important document in the history of taste, and I am delighted to find a mingled piece of social and culinary history in 1753, such as: 'Tomato—love apple, a fruit: eaten either stewed or raw by the Spaniards and Italians, and by the Jew families in England'.

But coming back to Dean Trench—his 'lexicographical creed' became the basis of the greatest dictionary of all time. The *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society, known usually as *The Oxford English Dictionary*. How close the relationship is can be seen from the 'General Explanation' at the beginning of volume one, which hardly anyone bothers to read—the principles on which the entries are arranged, the order in which the material is set forth, and above all the illustrative quotations.

### A Work of Four Giants

Dr. Johnson was not a committee or an academy, only one man with a few assistants. He took nearly nine years when he had reckoned only on three. The *New English Dictionary* is the work of four giants, with a host of sub-editors and assistants and 2,000 helpers who read 25,000 books to find suitable quotations, and it took seventy years to complete, with another five for the supplement. The four giants were Sir James Murray, Henry Bradley, Sir William Craigie, and Dr. C. T. Onions. Sir William Craigie died only recently, but happily Dr. Onions is still with us. I am proud to have sat at the feet of Craigie and Dr. Onions, and also to have been a pupil of Joseph Wright who edited the great *English Dialect Dictionary*, which together with Craigie's *Dictionary of American English* completes the record of what Murray called 'the full repertory of English speech from New Zealand to California'.

Murray inherited from Dr. Furnivall a ton and three quarters of slips containing quotations, yet the work of finding words was only at its beginning. Dr. Johnson found his words, as he said, 'by fortuitous and unguided excursions into books, gleaning as industry should find, or chance should direct'. He dived into books for words. The *Oxford Dictionary* had to go about it methodically. Thousands of books were read, and all the important and unimportant words and usages were noted. Murray says that 'for more than five-sixths of the words we have to search out and find additional quotations to complete their history, and illustrate the senses. For every word we have to make a general search to discover whether any earlier or later quotations, or quotations in other senses, exist'. He speaks of the sub-editor spreading the slips out on the floor, and spending hour after hour sliding them about like pieces on a chess-board. Dr. Onions, on the other hand, indicates the lexicographical genius of Henry Bradley who had been known on more than one occasion to take a large blank sheet of paper and to block out—as he himself said—the meaning of a word of long and difficult history without reference to the collected material. The *Dictionary* occupies 15,487 pages and the supplement 330, each of three packed columns in small print. A simple work like 'set' occupies 55 columns and has 154 main divisions.

For the word 'victual' there are 80 spellings, and for vinegar 40.

The supplement of 1933 deals with words accidentally or deliberately omitted, from 'collywobblers' to 'radium', new words in the fields of psycho-analysis, radio, and art: 'complex' and 'listen-in', 'broadcast' and 'television', 'Post-Impressionist', 'cubism', 'futurism', 'surrealist'; English expressions like 'gadget', 'Eton-crop', 'shy-making', and 'all of a doodah', and American words like 'highbrow' and 'highball', 'debunk' and 'jazz'.

### A Language Still Alive

How many words are there in the language? The *O.E.D.* with its supplement has about 500,000; a new dictionary advertises 600,000; and they are still pouring in. The first supplement took five years, and now after another quarter of a century a new one is necessary for words like 'existentialist' and 'iron-curtain'. The language is still alive. During the last few weeks we have had 'blip' and 'bleep' and 'sputnik', and Mr. Priestley has given us 'satellititis'. They must all be recorded and the date and mood of their arrival scrutinised and established.

When the *Dictionary* was finished, all the slips were sent with a sigh of relief to America, a whole shipload of them. I have seen and handled and used them at Ann Arbor in Michigan: the copy for the printed *Dictionary*, the unused slips and the newly added ones. Out of them, a fine dictionary of Middle English has been compiled and partly printed, with new material from manuscript sources, and a *Tudor-Stuart Dictionary* is slowly on the way.

The *Oxford Dictionary* is one of the seven wonders of the modern world; no other country has anything like it; and yet I am not satisfied with it. I should, ungratefully, like to write a sequel to Dean Trench's paper, this time 'On the deficiencies of the Oxford English Dictionary "on Historical Principles"'. It is not as historical as it claims to be. Its birth-certificates are sometimes hundreds of years out, its specialist vocabularies are woefully incomplete, and I cannot believe that 'snotty-nose' is obsolete or 'snotty-nosed' is dialect. So I have been trying to compile four special dictionaries. I know I shall never finish them: a dictionary of literary terms, a theatrical dictionary, a dictionary of art terms, and a culinary dictionary. I have had some finds. I have found 'baroque' 100 years before the *O.E.D.* records it. I have found 'actress' before there were any actresses in England. I have found early 'beef-olives' and 'puff-paste' and 'made-dishes', and a better description of a banana. In 1864 E. L. Blanchard records in his diary: 'Through Covent Garden Market, tasting bananas for the first time, a vegetable sausage, tasting like marrow flavoured with pine-apple'. Reading dictionaries has been my recreation for nearly fifty years, and compiling them for nearly forty. And it's fun!—*Third Programme*

## Bird Watching

Lying in strong, deep-summer grass, we view  
A life of brief, perpetual dangers:  
Eyes sharpened on beads of dew,  
Heads tilted at a world of strangers.

A witty flight transcends the pain  
Of death's mad tussle in the shade  
For a breast speckled with dabs of rain,  
A nest love's neat intelligence has made.

Watch! All is not gentle here:  
Mating is fierce, fights are shrill.  
Legs always flexed for flight,  
Anxiety has claws that kill.

Why can we never speak a word,  
Tell each other not to be afraid?  
A human voice is terror to a bird,  
And we no longer speak the language of the glade.

JAMES KIRKUP



# The Unity and Diversity of Europe

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

**W**HETHER born in Edinburgh or in Athens, in Lisbon or in Helsinki, in Dublin or in Belfast, Europeans strike our intuition as only one type, in spite of their superficial differences. Let us leave out of account their physical appearance, in which they differ more or less from Asian and Africans and resemble more or less the predominantly white stock of America. The family air between all Europeans comes from something deeper than the mere physique. Less spiritual than the Asian, the Europeans are more spiritual than the Americans. Less idealistic and theoretical than the Indians, they are less empirical and positive than the Americans. Coming from the West, one is apt to find that Europe is the land of general ideas. Coming from the East, one is apt to think of it as the land of hard facts. It seems as if, set between America, where the will prevails over the mind, and India where the mind prevails over the will, the chief European feature might be a balance of will and mind.

## Where the Individual is King

The mind and the will are the two most individualised faculties in man. His instincts are obscurely collective; his intuition receives sudden knowledge from a source common to all. The self acts through thought in the realm of the mind and through impulse in the realm of the will. The predominance of these two faculties explains the capital importance of individualism in Europe. Our continent is easily the most individualistic of all. In Asia the individual is just beginning to count; in America he is beginning to count no longer. Conformism, slogans, machine-made men are more contrary to the spirit of Europe than to that of any other continent. In Europe, the individual is king.

This, in its turn, gives to both the will and the mind of Europe a peculiar quality. The mind of the Italian, for instance, is apt to be purely contemplative. The mind of the American is apt to be immediately empirical. The former tends to dwell on general ideas; the latter, to ignore them altogether. The former is above the will; the latter below the will. With the European, the mind is level with the will; indeed often one with it.

The prevalence of the mind and the will and the closeness between these two faculties in European psychology accounts for the fact that the two most powerful traditions in Europe are the Socratic and the Christian. Socrates rules the mind of Europe: Christ its will. It is idle to inquire whether these two traditions are the cause or the effect of the European character; they are both cause and effect; and, what is more, owing to the intimacy between the European mind and the European will, the two traditions have influenced each other, so that, through centuries of European life, Socrates has become Christian and Christ has become Socratic.

It is too easy to argue that the history of Europe records numberless episodes which would have horrified both Socrates and Christ. So it does. But the point is that Socrates and Christ are the archetypes respectively of the mind and of the will of the European and that, in so far as the European endeavours to fashion his intellectual and moral life on them, the fact that he falls short of them is neither here nor there. It is only when he deliberately abjures them that the European betrays Europe and his own deeper nature.

## The Socratic Mind—

By Socratic, we mean a mind open to the facts, subject to the chain of logic, and loyal to the search for truth, but otherwise free, and resistant to any imposed premiss or conclusion. The Socratic mind is proud before other minds but humble before the facts. It is on this double quality of the Socratic mind of Europe that freedom of thought is based. The inner history of Europe must be understood as an endeavour to reach this Socratic

style in the development of its mind against the obstacles inherent in previous stages. First and foremost among these obstacles were the taboos and superstitions of a barbarous age, traces of which still remain in our day.

In this struggle the European mind has been both helped and hindered by the other tradition—that of Christ. For our present purpose, the fundamental feature of Christianity lies in this: that by dying on the Cross for men, for all men, for any man, Christ grounded humanism on an indestructible spiritual basis and gave to the individual a value no one can challenge. Just as by freely accepting the cup of poison rather than unsay himself, Socrates frees for ever from lies the mind of Europe, so by accepting the cross for the sins of all men, Christ frees for ever from inhumanity the will of Europe. Lies and inhumanity have of course continued to dishonour Europe after the two great deaths to which she owes her life; but only as negations of her true self. European individualism is not born on Golgotha; but it is from Golgotha that it draws its strength and inspiration; and as for those individualists who remain blind to the Christian root of their faith, they may be referred to the Spaniard who, asked what his religion was, answered: 'I am an atheist, thank God'.

Along with this powerful tradition which gave spirit to our active individualism, Christianity brought to Europe a supernatural system which would brook no rivals. In so far as it destroyed or drove underground the 'natural' heathen, and barbarous beliefs that swarmed in shady forest and misty shore, Christianity came to the rescue of the Socratic urge for freedom and clarity in the mind. Soon, however, the hang-over of Old Testament lore brought by Christianity from Asia Minor, and even a certain amount of local pagan lore acquired in the course of time, turned the Christian tradition into a danger for the Socratic tradition. This was the period of struggle between knowledge and the Church—the era of the Inquisition, of Giordano Bruno and Galileo, when Descartes had to watch his words and even to put some of his manuscripts away. Nor were the errors all on one side. When, in the nineteenth century, a number of spectacular inventions (steam, gas, electricity, telephones) made science a popular subject, many scientists and philosophers lost their heads: they dreamt that science would give all the answers, and erected it into a faith. 'Science' then bade fair to invade the circle of religion with as little consideration for the inner reality of things as religion had earlier shown in her invasion of the field of science. This episode is being closed as science begins to know the limits of its own knowledge.

## —and the Christian Tradition

Gradually, the fields of the one and the other came to be better surveyed and defined. The Socratic tradition respected the threshold of the temple of revealed truth; the Christian tradition accepted on natural matters the methods and principles of the Socratic tradition, and infallibility was infallibly limited. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, towards the turn of the century, back in his pastoral city from a visit to the Pope, was asked by his friends: 'Now Cardinal, is he really infallible?', and he answered: 'He called me Djibbons'.

The Socratic tradition powerfully influences the intellectual side of the Church. This amounts to Europeanising a religion born in Asia Minor. Henceforth, this religion will not only rule the heart of the European by submitting it to the discipline of the Sermon on the Mount; it will also appeal to his brain by founding its intellectual system on the principles of Socrates. In its turn, Christianity sets human limits to the otherwise inhuman neutrality of the Socratic search. By all means let us inquire on everything and by every possible method that may be useful. But, Christianity insists, let us see that our inquiries are in the end

(continued on page 744)



# NEWS DIARY

October 30–November 5

## Wednesday, October 30

Debate on economic policy is concluded in the House of Commons

The Leader of the House of Lords announces that the Government is in favour of the creation of life peers, including women

President Eisenhower states that he will go to Paris for the meeting of the Nato Council in December

## Thursday, October 31

The Prime Minister informs the Commons that the Government has accepted the recommendations of the three Privy Councillors who inquired into telephone tapping

The Government is to set up a council to 'watch over the working of administrative tribunals

The Nobel Prize for chemistry is awarded to Sir Alexander Todd, Professor of Organic Chemistry at Cambridge

## Friday, November 1

The Minister of Health refuses to approve a pay increase for National Health workers agreed to by the appropriate Whitley Council

A new pay claim is presented by London bus workers

The debate in the United Nations General Assembly on Syria and Turkey ends without a vote being taken

## Saturday, November 2

Marshal Zhukov, formerly Soviet Minister of Defence, is expelled from the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party and from the Central Committee itself. He is accused of 'a cult of his own personality' and of adventurous policies in foreign affairs and defence

The National Association of Local Government Officers calls on the Minister of Health to cancel his veto on the increase of pay awarded to Health Service employees

## Sunday, November 3

The Russians launch their second space satellite and claim to have built the world's largest airliner

Meetings in Moscow and elsewhere unanimously approve the action of the Central Committee in expelling Marshal Zhukov from his party posts

## Monday, November 4

Treasury announces increase in gold reserves

Much damage is done by gales in southern England

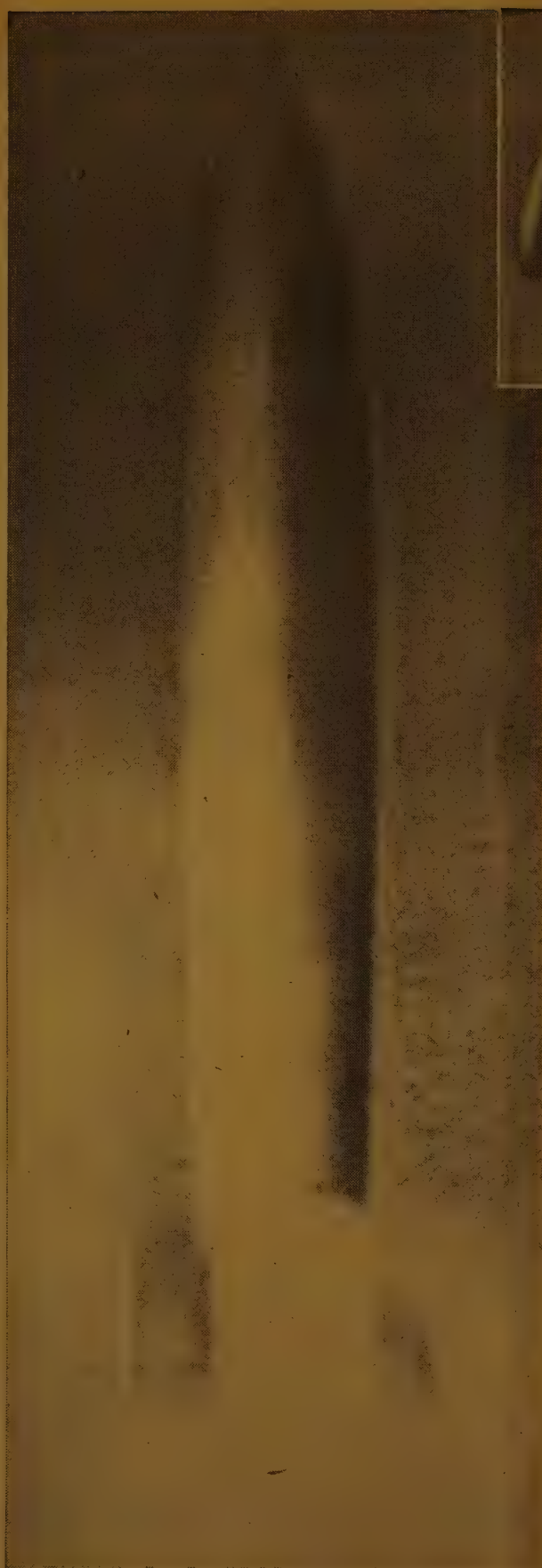
Princess Margaret accepts invitation to visit Canada

## Tuesday, November 5

H.M. the Queen opens Parliament

Prime Minister announces that legislation is to be introduced to increase pensions and National Health Service contributions

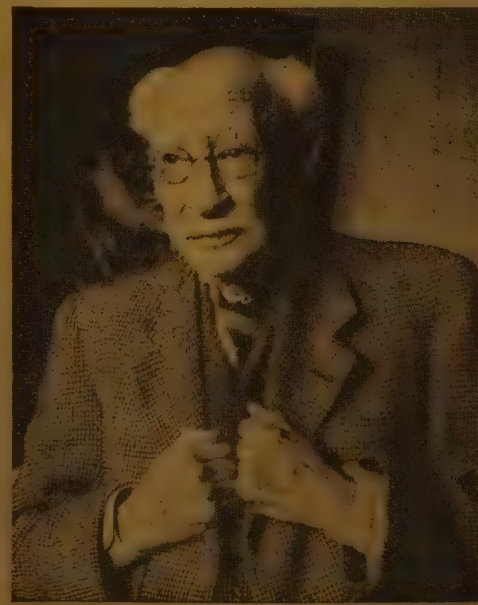
French Prime Minister designate receives National Assembly's vote of confidence



On November 3 the Russians launched a second earth satellite, this time containing a dog. The photograph above shows a dog-carrying rocket in flight. Inset: a Husky dog wearing its space suit. Information about the condition of the animal in the rocket was being registered by instruments and transmitted back to earth. The present satellite is over six times as heavy as the first one and has been circling the earth, at a maximum height of 900 miles, every 104 minutes. It was seen from Cambridge Observatory during its passage over England last Tuesday morning



M. Félix Gaillard (Radical) surrounded by reporters outside the Elysée Palace, Paris, on October 30 after he had accepted the French President's invitation to form a government. M. Gaillard received the National Assembly's vote of confidence on November 5



Allen Chappelow

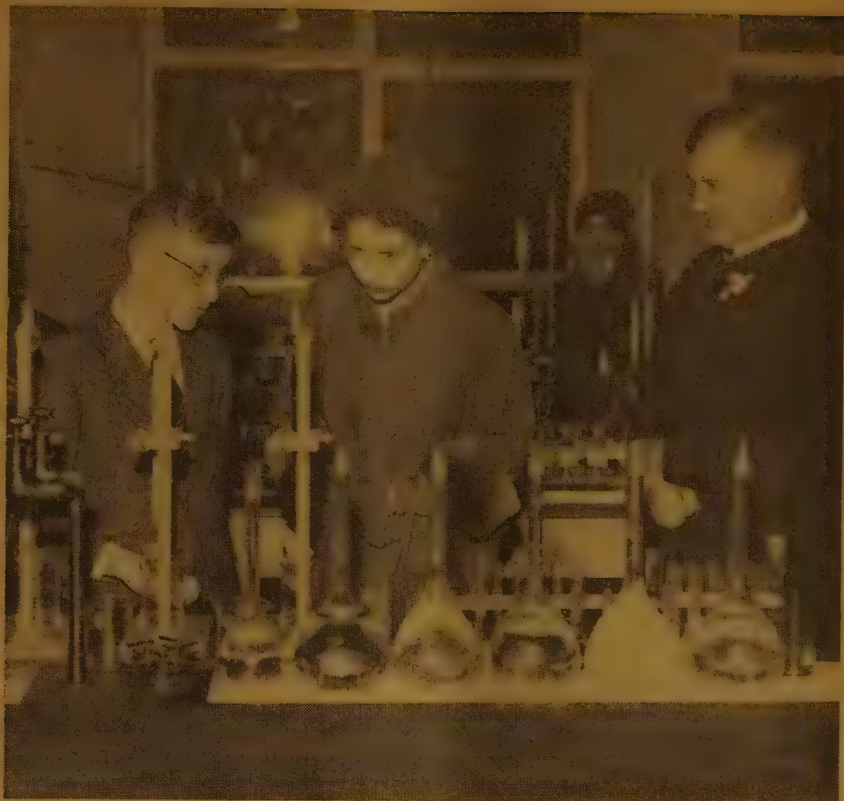
Edén Phillpotts, novelist and playwright, who celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday on November 4. In his long career he has written over 300 books, and he has a new book and play in hand

Right: competitors in the annual veteran car run from London to Brighton last Sunday crossing Westminster Bridge in heavy rain. Over 200 cars took part and, in spite of the weather, 190 finished the course





British workmen preparing an illuminated sign to be erected in Red Square as part of the celebrations marking the fortieth anniversary on November 7 of the 1917 Revolution



After a visit to Harlow New Town on October 30, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh opened the new science building at Brentwood Grammar School. Her Majesty is seen in the chemistry laboratory. The school is celebrating its four hundredth anniversary



Statues from the Stoll Theatre join a London bus queue: a photograph taken in Kingsway last week. The theatre is being demolished



An American army helicopter which was employed recently to place the cross on the steeple of a church in Konnersreuth, Germany, manoeuvring into position



(continued from page 741)

beneficial for the spirit of man; and let us never in our means and methods forget that we have no right to use a human being as a tool without his free assent. The inquiries made by Goering's doctors on concentration camp prisoners to find out the limits of human resistance were Socratic but were not Christian. As such, they sinned against the European spirit.

Much more might be said by way of consequence on the unity of Europe; but it is time to turn to its variety. This is indeed one of the most bewildering features of our little continent; within its small territory, Europe provides a wealth of human character unrivalled elsewhere. When we think of the Italian and the Swede, the Irishman and the German, the Greek and the Pole, we wonder how such precise types of mankind can have been developed with such diverse and strong characteristics, yet all within the fold of European unity. The answer may be found in the very shape of Europe, in its nooks and corners, its peninsulas, islands, valleys, that have acted like cups in which the cream of tradition was able to gather through the centuries.

A human map of Europe is a treasure of psychological wealth. Every European people has developed sayings and proverbs that record one European type as seen by another. Often enough,

these sayings have but little objective value; yet as sketches of relative observation they are illuminating—perhaps even more so of the observer than of the observed. 'To take French leave', say the English (and by the way the Spaniards also); but the French call it: *Filer à l'anglaise*, 'To take English leave'. *Querelle d'allemand*—'A German quarrel'—is in France an unjustified quarrel. 'Drunk as a Pole' is a French saying. 'If a Greek shakes your hand you should always count your fingers afterwards' is an Italian proverb. 'To pretend to be a Swede' is Spanish for turning a deaf ear. 'Dutch treat' is an English reflection on the hospitality of our Dutch friends. After the Austrian Anschluss, an Austrian was asked how things were going, and he hit it off with superb irony: 'Beautifully, with German grace and Austrian efficiency'.

This list of compliments could be lengthened at will. It shows how the light of the mind falling on the human landscape of Europe breaks into reflections, and scintillates in wit as it meets the many types which go to make the European unity. The languages of Europe express the twofold feature of unity and variety. With two or three exceptions, such as Hungarian and that linguistic puzzle, Basque, they form a well-defined family, yet how rich in individual characters. A saying is attributed to Charles V,

who learned Spanish relatively late, to the effect that German was the language in which he spoke to his dogs; French to his fellow men; Italian to women; and Spanish to God. This story must have been coined by a Spaniard.

More objectively, I have suggested that the German word is like a tabloid encyclopedia; the English word, like the thing itself; the French word, like a neat black-and-white drawing of the thing; the Italian word, like a tasteful morsel made to be enjoyed, smacking your lips as you pronounce it; and the Spanish word, like a projectile. Someone said once—I believe it was an Englishman—that French was the language in which it was most difficult to tell the truth. English, on the other hand, revels in such things as 'more or less' and 'just about'. As for German, let me remind you of its eight defects: too many books in the language; too many chapters in the book; too many sentences in the chapter; too many words in the sentence; too many letters in the word; too many strokes in the letter and too much ink in the stroke.

Let me not then give too many proofs of the variety within the unity of our Europe, and wind up this disquisition with a wish that a continent so rich may live in peace and liberty to enlighten mankind with its wonderful gifts.

—General Overseas Service

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Science or the Humanities?

Sir,—How sad that Sir Harold Nicolson should reveal in the General Overseas Service (THE LISTENER, October 31) that he does not understand what is meant by science and thinks it consists of doing sums! Surely humanists have no excuse for not knowing that science, in current usage, means a method of obtaining reliable knowledge of natural phenomena through observation, experiment, and theory. Mathematics and logic are independent of natural phenomena and consequently only tools in science.

How sad, too, that he should join the Prime Minister in calling the launching of *sputnik* a scientific advance, when it is really a spectacular technical feat! Technology is founded, of course, on the results of Western science. It will be interesting to see if science can flourish in the East. Another interesting question is whether Western science must itself decline, as Spengler maintained—a problem I discussed in THE LISTENER of May 23.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3 G. BURNISTON BROWN

Sir,—Plato would enjoy a conversation with the great modern physicists. Perhaps some of them would enjoy a conversation with Plato. He would have been eager to stimulate an earlier transition from mechanical to mathematical descriptions of the universe. Perhaps today he would excite some other line of thought. The really old-fashioned classical studies, which included or at least honoured mathematics, are

as contemporary as some quite recent science. They could give good exercise to minds which must stretch themselves to imagine new dimensions.

Ewell

Yours, etc.,

F. W. ALLEN

### On Remaining an Agnostic

Sir,—I am sorry to have led Mr. E. M. Forster to think that I endorsed the B.B.C.'s attitude towards religious rationalists. I had intended to mock the policy, which seems to be based on fear of rumpuses. But I do think that the typical agnostic today is not militant about his beliefs, feels no particular missionary zeal, or wish to destroy the basis of another man's belief because it is 'religious'. His own life and thought are controlled by his agnosticism and he is usually content to leave it at that. If there were many agnostics all longing to write specifically about their agnosticism surely more would have done so, in books or journalism? But, of course, I absolutely agree with Mr. Forster that the air should be as open to the free-thinker as to the religious thinker—and the two brought face to face whenever the result is likely to prove worth while.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

MICHAEL SWAN

Sir,—Professor Toulmin's explanation of why he remains an agnostic is excellent, no doubt, from the depths of an armchair.

When, however, it comes to daily life, we have to act as if we know. We may indeed not

know, but we have to *act* as if we do, and our decisions are the expression in action of that which we believe or do not believe in.

Yours, etc.,

Nottingham

R. H. HAWKINS

### Child-centred Education: a Defence

Sir,—Mr. Bantock, in his letter published in THE LISTENER of October 31, has not, I am afraid, grasped the main points of my talk. I would agree with him that the theorists of child-centred education are not entirely consistent, but I pointed out that in my view the justification for the use of the new methods does not depend upon educational philosophers like Rousseau but on painstaking observers of children, like Susan Isaacs, Gesell, and a host of others. Theories of human behaviour are seldom foolproof but to my mind those based as far as possible on the accumulated facts of observation are likely to be nearer the truth than those derived mainly from armchair philosophising, however cogent. At the same time, if one is an observer one must attempt to preserve scientific caution at all times; hence my use of the word 'probable', for which Mr. Bantock takes me to task. Nevertheless, there is a probability that formal school methods may act as a damper on self-organised activity, as the work of D. E. M. Gardner, H. H. Anderson, Lewin, and others has shown.

Again Mr. Bantock, in discussing my word-picture of an activity school (which was a description of an actual school, not 'idealised', as he says), asks how the teacher is to know



when he is to be friend and helper and when he is to exercise his adult authority. It seems to me that this only becomes difficult if the two roles are considered as inevitably incompatible. Some kinds of adult authority are incompatible with a teacher's role as friend and helper; others, equally effective, are not. And of course it is the teacher's task to dispel ignorance of the levels of attainment children can attain, but after he has done so it is only the children who can decide how near these standards they can get—unless, of course, we want them all to become brain-washed little automatons.

This brings me, sir, finally to Mr. Bantock's rather overworked story of Dr. Johnson and his Latin. Mr. Bantock asks me to ponder on the significance of this story. I have often done so, as I have also on the great variety of pronouncements on the same theme which are so often made from school platforms. It seems to me that Dr. Johnson's opinion, like those of all the others, has no significance at all. Dr. Johnson was a great genius; he was also a pedantic, obsessional neurotic. His intellectual stature was such that it would probably have survived any form of educational treatment; it is amusing, but quite unprofitable, to ponder on what he would have been like had he gone to a good 'activity' school.—Yours, etc.,

Totnes

H. A. T. CHILD

Sir,—Now that the big guns have had their say on child-centred education may an ordinary class teacher join in the discussion? Dr. Johnson said many silly things and Mr. Bantock does neither education nor Dr. Johnson a service by quoting one of his silliest utterances. It may be true that 'ego-involvement' is not 'the one key to intellectual achievement'. However, as a class teacher I have always understood that my job was education which for some reason I have never thought of as merely intellectual achievement.

Mr. Bantock is of course correct in saying that the psychologists don't know all about what motivates a child, no adult does. Maturation is a one-way street and a teacher born into a world without radio is a long way removed from an eight-year-old who believes implicitly in space travel. The only way we can know anything at all of the child's world is to take our cue from the children. We still won't know what the child's perceptions are but it may give us some clue as to the child's needs.

No doubt Mr. Bantock considers such qualified statements as these a little airy-fairy, but I find that they give me a broad guide that works. The trouble with his suggestion about 'teacher's enthusiasm' is that what seems a suitable subject for enthusiasm to the teacher may not interest the child at all. I suggest that he compare the knowledge retained by a self-educated man in a subject in which he was interested with that retained by one who had the subject 'whipped' into him.—Yours, etc.,

Evercreech

RONALD G. CAVE

### J. L. Baird and Television

Sir,—The recent television programme 'This Is Your Life' dealt with the work of Baird and conveyed the impression that he invented television. No one will deny that Mr. Baird was an enthusiastic student of the problem but to pretend that he was in any way the inventor of television as we know it today is to strain at

the truth. Mechanical scanning was impossible from the point of view of successful television. It would be interesting to know what contribution, if any, Baird made that was ever incorporated into modern television.

It is extraordinary that the name of Baird should be glorified when he produced nothing successful, whereas the name of Schönberg is so little known. Certainly the presentation of the Faraday Medal to him recognises the fact, among technicians who know about these things, that he was more responsible for television than anyone else. Honour where honour is due.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

BRABAZON OF TARA

### The Red Hand Has Green Fingers

Sir,—Mr. W. R. Rodgers' statement 'How loath the peasant is to invoke the process of the law when injured by a neighbour', in his talk on the Ulster peasant in THE LISTENER of October 31, brings to mind how different in this respect is his geographical opposite the Munster peasant of West Cork, with his passion for litigation. A source of the colourful dialogue of the books of E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross was the reports of the law cases in the Skibbereen *Eagle* (now incorporated in the *Southern Star*). I am told that the West Cork peasant is not quite as swift today to go to law.

Yours, etc.,

Dalkey

RICHARD MANSFIELD

Sir,—There is no excuse for Mr. W. R. Rodgers. He should have studied the Irish tongue when living in Ulster. Then he would need have no recourse to a dubious yet ingenious etymology of his own invention. The Irish verb *tuigaim* means to understand. It is from this that the word 'twigged' is derived—not from a slang peculiar to water-diviners.

Yours, etc.,

Greenford

BARRY KINGHAM

FRANK W. COUSINS

### Uncertain Sounds

Sir,—The little paper dart that you allowed me to shoot in THE LISTENER of October 10 was apparently more sharply barbed than I had supposed. It seems to have blinded Mr. Little and made him rather cross. But was my dart a boomerang?

In compound words like 'blackbird', sense appears to determine stress. In all other words, if there are any ruling principles of accentuation, they are surely (as I think Mr. Little agrees) *phonetic* principles. Who would deny that meaning sometimes modifies their operation? When and how it does so are delicate questions which, unlike Mr. Little, I do not consider myself competent to discuss ('Eng. lang.' is not my subject), and they are quite irrelevant in a discussion of my teasing of Miss White. What is quite evident is that correctness of accentuation cannot be determined solely by naive references to a paramount *semantic* principle that does not exist. If it existed, it would require pronunciations of, for instance, 'extravagant' and 'superfluous' which Mr. Little agrees with me in finding ludicrous. The very clear point of my brief letter of October 10 was to cast doubt on the validity of a purely semantic argument adduced in support of one pronunciation of 'controversy', and to suggest

that in many words the accepted pronunciation 'makes nonsense'—does Mr. Little deny it?—of the meaning.

I was careful to make no serious pronouncement on the tiresome word in question, for I recognise that two pronunciations of it are current. (Cf. D. Jones: *The Pronunciation of English*, third edition, 1950, page 139: 'In the following words'—'controversy' figures in the list—'different stressings may be heard from different people in the South who speak on the whole with received pronunciation'.) No reader of THE LISTENER, I imagine, needs to be reminded by Mr. Little that analogies can prove unhelpful; but they play an important part in all types of linguistic usage. Whatever his ear tells him, my ear tells me that the rhythm of 'controversy' is as English as the rhythm heard in the accepted pronunciations of 'extravagant', 'superfluous', 'ambiguous', 'antithesis', 'hypothesis', etc., etc.; and I guess that analogy is responsible, regrettably or not, for the pronunciation of 'controversy' with which he finds fault.

May I please have space to shoot another little dart? Mr. Collis (October 17) chides me for bringing the notion of preciosity into this discussion. I have long thought that one may detect manifestations of the less admirable sort of preciosity in all supercilious, cantankerous, captious, dogmatic, pedantic and irrational strictures on other people's pronunciation. Whatever this idea is worth, I find support for it in a detail of the style of Mr. Little's letter: my irony, he writes, 'boomerangs deliciously'. Laughing at the *précieuses* of nearly three hundred years ago, Molière saw a characteristic feature of their style in their extravagant choice of adverbs: '*furieusement*', '*terriblement*', '*effroyablement*'. Once, indeed, he puts Mr. Little's adverb into the mouth of Magdelon ('*le sublime en est touché délicieusement*'); but I would beg Mr. Little not to see more significance in this stylistic coincidence than I do myself.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

L. C. SYKES

Sir,—I took Mr. L. P. Claridge, from his first letter, to be an amiable eccentric. I now realise that he must be a Scotsman. Speakers of Standard (Southern) English have been incapable of the 'r' in words like 'larch', or 'father', for some centuries now, and I fear that it is too late for us foreigners to persuade them into better habits.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 21

ALISON HANHAM

Sir,—Like Miss Duffin, I am 'all for local accents', but I feel that she is less than fair in her implied disparagement of the 'cockney' accent in her letter published in THE LISTENER of October 3. She is uneasy that this accent is gaining ground; I wonder if she would be equally unhappy if the standard English that she is so anxious to preserve from contamination were threatened by another local accent—that of Ulster or of Somerset, for example.

There is a very widespread prejudice against what is more properly called the London accent (the true cockney accent is now almost extinct). It is surely as valid a local accent as that of Yorkshire, Sussex, or the West Country, and yet it shares with the Midlands and Liverpool accents a totally illogical social stigma. As a



speaker of grammatical English, I have long been conscious of this fact, and like so many other Londoners I have been forced to acquire an alternative pronunciation for use in certain company. Few Scots or Yorkshiremen have been forced to do so, not because of their undoubted independence of spirit, but because their accent is apparently more musical in the ears of the speakers of standard English, and is therefore an acceptable alternative.

Local accents are the subject of humour in many countries—in Norway, for example, they are one of the staple subjects for jokes—but in no other country is the accent of the capital city considered to be socially inferior and unacceptable. It is time that a Society for the Preservation of London English was formed, before this local accent joins Cornish as a dead language.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

HENRY F. CLEERE

Sir,—I deeply agree with your correspondent James R. Little that 'there are no absolute rules for English accentuation'. He may be interested to know that a don who had been dining in Dunstable complained, when detained by a constable, 'I'm firm on my feet, but why is your street so unstable?—Or should one say unstable?'

Yours, etc.,

PATRICK THORNHILL

Crawley

## The Future of Independent Burma

(continued from page 727)

attacks on buses, on villages, sabotage of trains. Of the various forces engaged in banditry and guerrilla warfare, the best organised are thought to be the Communists. Estimates of their strength vary greatly. The Karen underground organisation, which is campaigning for a separate Karen state, may be more numerous. One estimate is that all the armed insurgents put together who are actually operating number not more than about 5,000. But these forces fluctuate. It is thought that when an attack on a village or a hold-up is planned the guerrillas can always count on the support of a number of local malcontents who want to share in the loot.

### Expenditure on the Armed Forces

Against these guerrillas is ranged a large force of military police and home guards. About forty per cent. of the Burmese Government's budget goes on supporting the armed forces, who number about 70,000. But the unrest continues, even in places not far from the capital. There are widespread rumours of corruption among some of the security forces. As one Burmese said to me: 'We should have cleared up this mess by now, but there's been too great an investment in chaos—too many people, not only the bandits, have an interest in the trouble continuing, so long as it doesn't get too bad'.

It is true that lawlessness abounds, although there is no effective challenge to the regime. There have been moves on behalf of the Communists for negotiation. These have been turned down by the Government. The Prime Minister continues to promise leniency to all who surrender, but he has warned the rebels that this offer may soon have to be withdrawn. What is certain is that the bandits and the insurgents are a nuisance to the economy. They levy tribute on villages, they interfere with transport. And quite apart from the Communists, the Karens, and other minority groups, are the remnants of formations of the Nationalist Chinese Army, who flowed over the border from Communist China during the civil war and who still continue to live in Burmese territory in spite of the protests of the Burmese Government. These Nationalist Chinese have taken over a number of villages near the border with China. They live partly by selling opium and partly by levying local taxes. They show no signs of moving, and the Burmese army still appears to be unable to dispose of them. Indeed, when one considers the difficulties and set-backs which have come the way of the Burmese Socialist Government since independence, it sometimes seems nothing

short of a miracle that the country has survived.

But now it seems, ten years after the signing of the Independence Treaty, that a new era may be dawning. The insurgents are at least being held at bay. The economy is stronger. The first rush to nationalise industry, to expel the foreigner, seems to have subsided now. U Nu sounded a completely new note in June, when he said that development of certain industries should be left to foreigners who had the necessary managerial skill; and that foreign investments should be encouraged. A leading member of the Government said to me:

No country likes its economy to be in the grip of foreigners. For some years we were in a fever about foreign ownership and we nationalised a large number of foreign-owned factories. Today that fever has subsided. We realise we are half a century behind the industrialised countries of the West. To catch up, we need foreign investment; and today we take a realistic view of foreign capital.

So a foreign-investment act is due to be passed next February to give inducements to foreign investors, such as exemption from income tax and a right to send profits abroad. And officials say that negotiations are already well ahead with British and American firms to start more new factories in Burma; and the firms, including Indian and Chinese, who have been forced out of the import business by government pressure are being encouraged to put their profits into industry, to start up textile mills and other factories.

### An Uncommitted Nation

All the planning of the Government and the work of the people have to be seen against the broader background: Burma's own position as a small, neutral, uncommitted nation with a big Communist Power, China, on her north-eastern border. The Burmese are conscious of China in several different ways: first, there is the border dispute, the demand by China for several villages along the undemarcated Chinese-Burmese frontier. The Burmese Government would like to get that dispute settled for good, for while it remains it provides the continuing means whereby China can bring pressure to bear whenever other differences crop up. For precisely that reason, many foreign observers here think that China is in no hurry to settle the border issue.

There are also continuing reports of Chinese infiltration over the Burmese border. Some of them speak of large numbers of Communist agents coming in every month. It is impossible

to check these reports, but many of them are certainly exaggerated. What is certain is that the Chinese are playing a larger part in Burmese business life. It is the old story, so common in the East, of the Chinese trader with his superior business ability moving into the cities where there is money to be made and gradually taking over much of the retail and import trade. In Rangoon, he is even taking over from the other main foreign community, the Indians, who themselves have a reputation for astute trading. The Burmese Government is alive to this and is doing its utmost by legislation to keep the business in Burmese hands. But there are many loopholes. These Chinese business men are not Communists, but in the event of an upheaval or an invasion they would certainly wish to be on the winning side. In addition to them there are many Chinese in Burma who are Communist, although nobody knows how many.

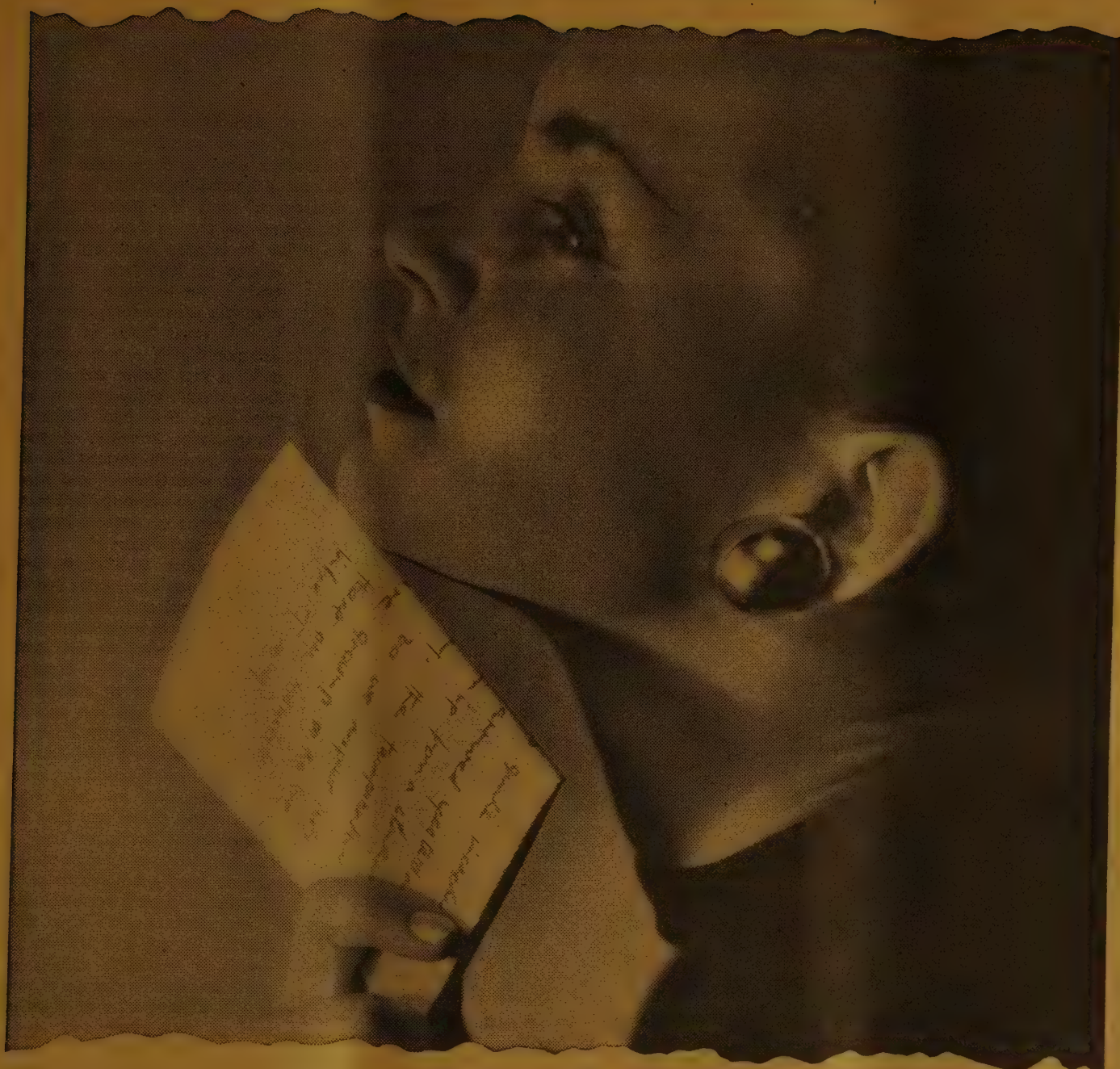
### External Influences

Nobody expects the Chinese to invade Burma, at least under present conditions. The danger is rather of Burma one day becoming a Communist satellite. To this danger the Burmese Socialist Government is very much alive. In a long speech a few days ago, U Nu had a great deal to say about external influences cultivating disciples and stooges inside Burma. He said: 'I have a great loathing for those who allow themselves to become stooges of other people'. He called on those people who bowed low to foreign masters, as he put it, to hold confessional meetings and admit that they had erred. That would show courage and help national solidarity, he said.

Perhaps it is one of the greatest tributes to be paid to the Prime Minister and his party that they have upheld national solidarity, even in the worst times. Burma has never gone Communist, never become partitioned like Korea or Viet-Nam between the Communists and their opponents. It has always remained an independent democracy. And in the context of Far East power politics that is perhaps the most positive fact to be reported from Burma in this tenth year of independence.—General Overseas Service

The *Annual Report and Accounts of the British Broadcasting Corporation 1956-57* has been published by the Stationery Office, price 6s. The Report contains a general review as well as detailed accounts of the work of different departments of the Corporation, sixteen appendices, five statistical tables, eight pages of photographs, and maps showing the 'coverage' of V.H.F. stations and of television stations during the past year.





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## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IN general Mr. John Piper's new paintings at the Leicester Galleries are much more nearly abstract than the landscapes with which we have been familiar in the past, and some of them are as far from any realistic treatment as the cubist pictures which he painted in his youth. But they remain landscapes, and architecture or scenery appear as recognisably in them as the guitar or the wine-bottle in the works of the early cubists. Moreover the romantic sentiment, qualified by a highly sophisticated taste, which the artist feels for town or country persists in spite of the fragmentation to which he has subjected his views, though it may be rather fainter than in the past. 'Stone Town with a Bridge' may look at a casual glance like one of Picasso's early experiments in landscape, but it soon becomes clear that Mr. Piper has retained in his mind some image of an actual place which for him has some associative interest or charm. It might be thought that the artist had merely made things more difficult for himself by simplifying the forms to such an extent since this in no way implies any rejection of the romantic approach, but there is this advantage that his designs are more deliberate and more carefully organised than they were apt to be in the past.

The other element in Mr. Piper's work, the elaborate concoction of an agreeable surface of paint by many craftsmanlike devices, is, if anything, yet more obvious than in his earlier landscapes. It is impossible not to be captivated at first sight by such pleasingly varied surfaces, but after a while it must be admitted that there does seem to be something lifeless about the processes by which they have been achieved. Real quality of paint depends not only on a free and rhythmical handling of the brush but also on the fact that each stroke adds to the definition of form, and this no artificial variation of the surface can do; the monotype print may look far more attractive than the painting of which it is an impression but it cannot possibly be better drawn. When he diversifies a wash of paint with scratches or squiggles Mr. Piper is always careful to see that he does not obliterate anything he has drawn, but that is all he can do, and so in the end all these decorative devices are apt to seem no more than a substitute for the real thing. There is, in fact, a good deal more spontaneity and life in those of his landscapes, like the views of Chaillé and the Yonne Valley, which seem to have been painted more directly from nature.

Miss Norah McGuinness, who also exhibits at the Leicester Galleries, has certainly discovered a way of painting Ireland, with its damp and awkward purples and greens, without giving the impression that the whole scene is in danger of being dissolved in a tearful mist. On

the contrary, her designs are quite firm and there is a certain agreeable decisiveness in her simplifications of form. The drawings of the Italian artist Mr. Federico Moroni are shown in the same gallery, works of scrupulously finished craftsmanship but also touched with a delicate wit. In his hands such things as

magical skill in the use of shadowy hints.

From being an angry young painter of butchers' shops Mr. Peter Coker has now passed on, in a second exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery, to such less provocative subjects as landscapes and the sea. Like others of the school to which he belongs he is apt to use a small section of landscape, such as a single bush, as the motive of a large and rather dramatic composition, and in this there is still some trace of that mood of defiance which causes young artists to make a vast design out of some of the less elegant achievements of modern plumbing. But Mr. Coker lacks the expressionist fervour of many other young realists; instead he draws and models with firmness and precision and he is able to grasp the full structure and solidity of such evasive forms as appear in 'Tree and Hedge I'.

A number of British artists have visited China during the last three years at the invitation of the Chinese Government and their impressions of the country are recorded in an exhibition at Agnew's Gallery. Mr. Stanley Spencer shows a number of characteristic portrait drawings and also an oil painting, shrewdly and sharply observed, of the Ming tombs. Both Mr. Denis Mathews and Mr. Paul Hogarth are conscientious and interesting in their reporting of peoples and places and they give a very workmanlike finish to their drawings; but Mr. Richard Carline and Sir Hugh Casson hardly achieve more than such sketches as a busy traveller might make.

Mr. Ruszkowski's new paintings at Roland Browse and Delbanco's Gallery—this is his sixth exhibition there—show no obvious change of style. There is still a faint hint of Bonnard at the back of his pictures and no doubt it is from this artist that his tendency to



'The Forest', by Peter Coker: from the exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery

umbrellas, the works of clocks, or crabs, are given as queer and absurd an expression as the various figures, such as fat and intensely serious players of musical instruments, that he also draws.

Japanese ink paintings exhibited in the print room of the British Museum take one into the world of Lady Murasaki, where the percipient mind will discover far more in the handwriting than in the words of a poet. The more slightly the painter may indicate his meaning the better, and the two six-fold screens of a seventeenth-century artist may be taken as the perfect example of such reticence: on a honey-coloured background the faintest of landscapes is traced on some of the folds, but to right or left it fades out until one cannot be sure, nor does it seem to matter, whether there really are any marks on the background at all. The paintings date from the fifteenth century onwards, but by the eighteenth century facility and flourish have begun to take the place of what was once a

build up a design on the basis of a deliberately casual selection of viewpoint derives. But his calm preoccupation is the combination of extremely solid modelling, especially in figures, with a patterned and mottled, richly encrusted, surface of paint. In his more ambitious compositions one may feel a sense of strain as he struggles to achieve a harmony between these apparently incompatible aims, and for this reason his slighter works, especially the smaller flower paintings, bring a most agreeable sense of ease and relief. Mr. Keith Norman's *gouaches* at the same gallery have something in common with the work of Paul Klee since he makes ingenious, neat, and witty designs, half picture and half pattern, out of anything from trees or houses to the vessels used by chemists. But the resemblance is mainly in outlook and sentiment and Mr. Norman's work is far from being any *pastiche* of Klee's stylistic mannerisms, he is an inventor in his own right though along the same lines as his predecessor.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Voltaire in Love. By Nancy Mitford. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.**

IT IS PROBABLE that Miss Mitford has foreseen the reservations which intrude upon our pleasure in her lively pages: 'I owe', she writes, 'an enormous debt to Mr. Theodore Besterman. Although he does not, I think, quite approve of this enterprise, he has helped me in every possible way'. This charming acknowledgement conveys our own uneasiness. We may enjoy reading *Voltaire in Love*—we should be solemn owls if we didn't—but if Miss Mitford's Mme du Châtelet is Mme du Châtelet, is her Voltaire quite Voltaire? The difficult thing has always been to discern the sage of Ferney—'he who prepared the way for our liberty', he who is, quite simply, *Voltaire*—in the younger Voltaire whom Lytton Strachey called 'a scoundrel of genius'. Miss Mitford does not address herself to this problem because her sharp eye for the comic finds the scoundrel irresistible, and perhaps because she is out of sympathy with the later Voltaire who bears a certain responsibility for making the world what it has so desolatingly become. One form of our revenge on the banal centuries of progress is to take refuge, like Miss Mitford, in the civilisation of classical France. It is a delightful game while it lasts and Miss Mitford plays it with skill and wit as she conducts us through the famous literary quarrels and the crises touched off by Voltaire's nervous susceptibility to take offence.

But it is the character of Mme du Châtelet which holds our attention in these pages. By turns brilliant and absurd—a commanding intellect, adoring society and fun, unashamedly sensual, possessive, reckless and restless—Emilie calls the tune more often than does her illustrious lover. For months on end she will shut herself up at Cirey while he writes (tragedies, histories, verse, letters) and she writes (an abstract of Leibnitz, a translation of Newton) and the dull husband takes his meals with the children. It lasts sixteen years, not without dangers as she plots to keep him out of Frederick the Great's clutches, as she lives with the fact that his ardour has become diffused in the level reaches of affection. It ends in her pathetic affair with Saint-Lambert and the pregnancy that causes her death. Miss Mitford describes this last horrifying scene with such admirable control that we are unable to withhold our compassion from the participants, though the echo of their helpless giggles as they plan to father the child on the stupid, simple Marquis is still ringing in our ears.

'The love of Voltaire and the Marquise du Châtelet', writes Miss Mitford, 'was no ordinary love', and if this is true in the sense that 'they were not ordinary people' it is not true in the sense that either seems to have been transformed by this love. Emilie gave Voltaire what he needed, a home, a point of return in his rage for departure, and he was overwhelmingly grateful. 'In some ways', as Mr. Besterman says, 'she was undoubtedly bad for him', and we can take this to mean that she protected him from the hidden forces of his genius. Did Voltaire's niece, the widowed Mme Denis, with whom he began a secret and passionate affair four years

before Emilie's death, release him to himself? She seems, in the hints we are given (for Miss Mitford has had access to the unpublished correspondence), to have belonged less to the *Siècle des Lumières* than to the painful, obsessive world of Baudelaire. Was it the anguish of this private world which gave vibrancy to his great polemics against the oppressors of humanity? Does the title of Miss Mitford's volume really belong to the years after Emilie's death?

**The Responsibility of Peoples, and other Essays in Political Criticism**

**By Dwight Macdonald. Gollancz. 21s.**

One of the oddities of American cultural history in the 1930s and early '40s was the prominence, within the cultural community, of spokesmen for the anti-Stalinist (as against merely non-Communist) left, i.e., for that group known more or less loosely as 'radical socialist' or 'Trotskyist'. In view of the general weakness of socialist, or even radical, sentiments in that country, it is puzzling that such writers as Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Mary McCarthy, Meyer Schapiro, James Burnham, Saul Bellow, James Agee, Sidney Hook, James T. Farrell, and John Dos Passos should have gravitated toward such an extremely sophisticated-sectarian political outlook; or that the leading literary journal, *Partisan Review*, should have been its unofficial platform. Doubtless all this has something to do with the isolation of American intellectuals from the nation's real political life, or even from any mass radical movement. The persuasion of pure logic could work without hindrance on personal sentiments; the critical intelligence was unencumbered by organisational commitments or responsibilities. But whatever the explanation, the fact is indisputable; and it helps to explain, among other things, why these American writers were so much readier to estimate George Orwell at his true worth, at a time when he was still a relatively lonely figure in English letters.

Mr. Dwight Macdonald is, in a way, the quintessential representative of this tendency. (In Mary McCarthy's *A Source of Embarrassment* he is very recognisable as the organiser of the utopian expedition around which the plot revolves.) He might even be said to be its supreme survivor, for whereas the others have settled down on more conventional political locations, or have simply lost interest in politics, he has remained an incorrigible non-conformist for whom the act of criticism is itself an act of creative freedom. This collection of his essays is not, perhaps, the most fortunate introduction to him, especially as the English reader is unlikely to have read some of his best things which are not included here: his short and shattering biography of Henry Wallace, his dismemberment of the Revised Bible and the Great Books, etc. In particular, the English reader will not be in a position to appreciate Mr. Macdonald's genius as an editor. His personal magazine, *Politics*, was a remarkable one-man show in the great (and now dying) tradition of Karl Kraus' *Die Fackel*; his imaginative use of contemporary documents—from official manuals of hand-to-hand combat to memoirs of a homosexual—was

inimitable; and he was the first to give us a translation of Simone Weil into English.

But it is impossible not to read Mr. Macdonald with pleasure. He is a superb journalist, a fiery moralist, and even these fragments (from *Politics*, *Encounter*, *Partisan Review*, and *The New Yorker*) have the sharpness of tongue and bold idiosyncrasy of thought that is his personal trademark. Whether he is mercilessly anatomising the pieties of patriotism, wrestling with the dilemmas of pacifism (to which he was for a while attracted), exposing the silly pretensions of popular culture, or denouncing uninhibitedly the wickedness of totalitarianism, he is always unmistakably and unreservedly himself—and a very attractive self it is. One may, after following him through his self-reflections, wonder whether Mr. Macdonald's uncompromising mind and temperament are really suitable to the mundane sphere of political affairs. To which he would doubtless retort: so much the worse for politics. And so much the worse it is, indeed.

**Jowett. By Geoffrey Faber. Faber. 30s.**

Sir Geoffrey Faber's *Life of Jowett* is interesting on three counts: first as a portrait of the man himself; secondly, as a history of Balliol in its golden age; thirdly, as a narrative of Victorian faith and doubt. In dealing with Jowett as a man Sir Geoffrey rightly stresses those aspects which previous biographers overlooked or from which they averted their attention. Jowett was a repressed homosexual of the glandular or effeminate type. Sir Geoffrey believes that his 'innocence was exposed to assault' during his 'early schooldays': and this, which Sir Geoffrey assures us 'is rather more than a mere guess', served, he thinks, 'to fix him [Jowett] in his aversion from the idea of sexual intercourse between himself and anybody else, whether man or woman'. Jowett's attitude to people generally was throughout his life rigidly unsentimental; but there were a few, very few, exceptions. One was Arthur Stanley, his first great platonic love. Stanley, described by a contemporary as having never been a boy but 'something between girl and man', shared Jowett's interest in and views on theology, but even this did not bring Stanley as close to Jowett as Jowett wished. Sir Geoffrey quotes a revealing, rather touching exchange of letters, dating from 1849, when Jowett was thirty-two and Stanley thirty-four. Stanley's father had just died; and Jowett wrote to Stanley: 'My dear Arthur, would you like me to come to you...?' Stanley replied, very pointedly *not* employing, as Jowett had done, the Christian name: 'My dear Jowett... We are enough in ourselves for ourselves, and hereafter I will not fail to let you know whether you can be of the slightest service to us'. The two men remained friends, though Jowett's hurt was, as Sir Geoffrey says, severe.

In academic life, as in friendship, Jowett's history is one of rebuffs endured and setbacks overcome. He was defeated for the Mastership of Balliol when he first became a candidate, and after his appointment, by Palmerston, in 1854 to be Regius Professor of Greek, the university resisted for ten years any scheme to raise his





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annual salary above King Henry's original £40. Sir Geoffrey shows, however, that Dr. Pusey was not, as is sometimes thought, responsible for this shabby behaviour over Jowett's salary, even though Pusey hated Jowett's theological opinions and thought them bound to lead to irreligion and the destruction of the Church.

Jowett's theological views were, in fact, almost identical with those of the seventeenth-century (Sir Geoffrey curiously speaks of the eighteenth-century) Latitudinarians. His idea was to save the Church by stripping its creeds of dogmas which intelligent minds could not be expected to believe. Jowett himself believed exceedingly little. He once wrote 'I never hear a sermon scarcely which does not seem equally divided between truth and falsehood'. But at least he believed in the Messiahship of Christ and in the truth of Christian ethics, and he did not feel his other doubts need stand in the way of his becoming a clergyman. He acquired, moreover, a valuable technique of diverting his mind from distressing religious doubts to the practical problems of life. This last is one of the reasons why he made, when the time eventually came, such a splendid Master of Balliol.

The unspoken slogan of Jowett's Balliol was High Unworldly Thought and Higher Worldly Ambition; the Scotch traditions of the college might alone have inspired a judicious union of self-denial and self-advancement, but Jowett lifted it all to a much more elevated level; he made the pursuit of power in the land seem as noble as the struggle for a place in heaven; and Balliol men were sent to push their way through life with the tranquil self-confidence of persons who had received a mystical assurance of salvation. Jowett made his college (albeit temporarily) the most important in the university; Balliol still owes far more to him than to any other Master it has ever had. It is odd that it should have been left to a Christ Church man to write this sympathetic, shrewd, and enthralling biography.

### The Galley Slaves of Love. The Story of Marie d'Agoult and Franz Liszt. By Charlotte Haldane. Harvill. 21s.

For a journalist of Mrs. Haldane's percipience it must have been an exciting exercise in detection to assemble this picture gallery of abominable egoists and trace the threads that connected them. What a set they were. Liszt, beautiful in his early years, led by incurable greed from woman to woman, ending as an antique quasi-ecclesiastic, his face now exploding into warts, his fingers, almost to the very end, as agile as ever. And the subject of this book, Marie born Flavigny, marrying with her eyes open, as only a young French girl would open them, a man she never liked and doing her family duty by him. Then her meeting with the beautiful Franz, his fingers and his face fatally attractive; her leaving her husband and forsaking her children by him; her mounting disgust because her pianist turned out more promiscuous than she who had been faithful to him and by then had borne him three children. At length the parting and Marie's successful career as a writer, while Liszt took up with the incredible Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. Mrs. Haldane makes out as strong a case as anyone will ever do for Marie, and since she does this without undue bias one is willing to listen to her. Certainly one reads her vivid account with interest. Even then one is left

with the impression that Marie, no less than Liszt, Wagner, and Cosima, was repulsive.

It is no disparagement of Mrs. Haldane's stage-management of this comedy that the chief interest of her study, at least for a Wagnerian, is the light it throws on that peculiarly unattractive character Cosima, daughter of Marie and Franz, wife of Bülow (she followed her mother's example in marrying a man she never liked), the mistress and at length the wife of Richard Wagner. With such parents, small wonder that Cosima became the past-mistress of guile, weaving her spells in Bayreuth with her companion spider Wagner.

### A Gathering of Fugitives. By Lionel Trilling. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

Surprisingly, the most interesting things in Lionel Trilling's collection of occasional papers and prefaces turn out not to be the essays on Edmund Wilson and Dr. Leavis. It is to them, of course, that most readers will turn first, with furtive bloodlust. One of the three—Wilson, Leavis, or Trilling—must be by now our master of criticism in English. The only question is, which? It would be shamefully exhilarating to see it settled by mortal confrontation: the massive searchlights of those intellects training finally on each other in Wellsian combat, until one triumphant giant swings away, leaving his prostrate rivals forever explained. But today Professor Trilling demurely avoids gladiatorial conclusions, content courteously to register his admirations and disagreements. We are left to measure him against his great colleagues by other, less direct, scales.

There is the scale, to begin with, of sheer quantity of reading. Fairly evidently, he reads more than Leavis, less than Wilson. That tells something. Of the three, Wilson has been most completely the man of the literary world, symbolising, as Professor Trilling says, the whole life of writing, reading, editing, reviewing, gossiping and party-going. Amateur also of politics, sociology, psychology, he leaves for monument, like Saint-Beuve, the day-to-day history of a cultural age. The wonder is not that Wilson has produced so much of ephemeral interest, so many hypotheses (the three Shaws, the extra Turn to the Screw) more striking for broad audacity than for likelihood. The wonder is that he leaves also so many judgements which may stand permanently in criticism.

Permanent judgements, on the other hand, have been the preoccupation of Leavis' career. He reads to select that handful of classics which may constitute a tradition of durable standards. On the whole, Trilling ranges himself on this, the academic side, of his profession. Agreeing with Leavis that literature's basic value is intensity of moral vision, he addresses himself to his reading with the eye of recording angel, rather than mere chronicler. But having done so, he is haunted by the fear of too divine exclusiveness. There are other values in literature, and he allows himself to criticise in Leavis an inadequate sympathy with the element of 'sheer performance' in creation. A critic should enjoy the mind's delight in its own skill, 'its power of excess and fantasy'. Professor Trilling cannot stifle appreciation of what Leavis calls 'the irrelevant life' in Dickens' novels, or of such minor civilised pleasures as the poetry of Robert Graves, the workmanship of C. P. Snow. He can be more simply receptive than either of his

peers. Assured of the fundamental worth and earnestness of the Evangelical world of nineteenth-century Clapham recalled in E. M. Forster's life of his great-aunt, Trilling relaxes from criticism, savouring freely its elegant good humour.

For, as he says in his longest and most earnest essay here, 'The American Intellectual at the Present Time', the danger of the literary life today is not frivolity, but isolation. Our intellectual class—he means America's, but could include ours—no longer understands its society. It has lost touch with the major forces—the revolutions in technology, economics, administration, journalism—which are transforming the Western culture it is their business to comprehend. A classical tradition of literature helps little here. Some of the most interesting essays in this book discuss works—Freud's *Outline*, Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, that lachrymose refugee novel *The Twenty-Fifth Hour*—which rank, not as literature, but as evidence about the new world we must either understand or be thrust aside by.

Poised, then, between involvement and dedication, he holds the even seriousness of his way: swimming deeper than those undulant, diverse currents where Mr. Wilson sports omnivorously, yet never sounding quite to the tideless profundities (most of these pieces, for example, were written as prefaces for a middle-brow book club) where Dr. Leavis reigns. Any median course holds limitations. The Professor's chosen level is not the one on which to encounter Edith Wharton, who gets shrugged aside like a minnow; nor does it often cross the track of the great whales. But who else could combine such horizons with such depth, illumining whole submarine ranges by a comparison of Zola with Ben Jonson, or Graves with Landor? Watching Professor Trilling's superb intelligence in its unwavering and humane progress through the seas of literature, it is difficult not to crown him their monarch.

### The Sky Above the Roof. Poems by Paul Verlaine, with translations by Brian Hill. Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.

There is an entry in Léautaud's *Journal* for 1894 which tells how he had seen Verlaine sitting outside a *café*: 'I bought a little bunch of violets and had them sent to him... I watched from a distance to see the effect. While he was smelling the scent of the flowers he looked everywhere to discover from whom the gift might have come. I went on my way delighted with what I'd done'. There is something touching about this gesture of the penniless and unknown Léautaud, and now that Verlaine is no longer much remarked one feels the same thing about Mr. Brian Hill's bouquet of homage, his sheaf of translations. We know it to be just that Verlaine has his place in the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, yet it does not seem unjust that the only essay written about him for a long time—by that excellent critic M. Jean-Pierre Richard—is called 'Fateur de Verlaine'. The poet's *insipidity*, that is the exact word for our complaint. It is not too harsh to say that in a period when poetry is valued for its depth-soundings in the mysteries of the human psyche Verlaine, for all his extraordinary skill in the making of verse, has shrunk to little more than an incident in the life of Rimbaud.



Mr. Hill has chosen fifty-six poems from all the phases of the poet's career, and it is a fair and representative selection even though he has omitted any examples of the religious poems in *Sagesse*. He has printed his translations opposite the originals, which is a great convenience. Repeated readings confirm the first impression that he has done his appallingly difficult task with exceptional skill. He is faithful to the meaning except in one or two cases of minor distortion, and above all he is faithful to the subtle tones and colours of the French. It would seem impossible for the delicate modulations of Verlaine's versification to be transposed into the heavy down-thrust of English words, but again and again Mr. Hill achieves the impossible, even in 'Le Ciel':

The sky-hung bell I watch  
Sounds its sweet note;  
The branch-swung bird I watch  
Sings from sad throat.

Only James Joyce, in the poems of *Chamber Music* which are not translations but transpositions of the sweet Verlaine melody into the English of Thomas Campion, has known how to equal such tenuous verbal equivalence.

Do Mr. Hill's translations help us to re-adjust our present response to Verlaine? It is a measure of his success that we seem to be left where we were—with our dissatisfaction, with a boredom which not even our pleasure in craftsmanship can altogether dispel. Fauré, Verlaine . . . how distant from us those silk-spun consolations of the lost bourgeois world!

**The New Cambridge Modern History  
Volume VII: The Old Regime,  
1713-63. Edited by J. O. Lindsay.  
Cambridge. 37s. 6d.**

'A parliament of physicians would never have found out the circulation of the blood, nor could a parliament of poets have written Virgil's *Aeneid*'. So thought James Harrington, and he might have prophesied that a parliament of historians would stand no greater chance of achieving as vivid a picture of an age as a Pirenne or a Huizinga. Yet co-operative histories, though by their nature unlikely to beget original or adventurous interpretations, have their own merits and uses, which this volume of the *New Cambridge Modern History* solidly illustrates. Only a team could have written with such authority about so many aspects of eighteenth-century Europe, and mastered the sources and historiography of its remoter parts so thoroughly.

The new volume seeks much more effectively than its counterpart in the original *Cambridge Modern History* to present European civilisation as a whole. In the older work, all but three of the twenty-four chapters were devoted to particular national histories or conventional chronicles of diplomatic and military affairs. The new one, also with twenty-four chapters, allocates the first eight to a series of broad topics treated internationally and the last four to the activities of European peoples in other continents. The gain in breadth and interest is enormous.

Compared with the new Volume I (reviewed last week), Volume VII is better balanced, more homogeneous, more comprehensive, and more generally readable. Mrs. J. O. Lindsay has not entirely avoided that bane of team histories, the contributor who is so frightened of omitting any

scrap of information that his twenty-five-page chapter reads like the synopsis of the 250-page book he would rather have written; but the volume as a whole testifies to her thoughtful and consistent planning, and five serviceable chapters from her own pen help to bind it together.

The early chapters on the social foundations, economic life, political institutions, art and thought of Europe as a whole are among the most attractive, and will appeal to readers who find little reward in the tangle of shifting alliances, inconclusive wars and dynastic juggling which is all that conventional accounts of this period are apt to convey. Professor A. Cobban's brilliant essay on the Enlightenment and



Bronze figure of a cat: Egyptian; probably of the Roman Period. From *Art Treasures of the British Museum*, text by Geoffrey Grigson, preface by Sir Thomas Kendrick, photographs by Edwin Smith (Thames and Hudson, 3 gns.)

the late Eric Robson's on the art of war are particularly illuminating, but all are good. Imaginative literature, however, would have been better left out than confined to half-a-dozen pages which range well beyond this volume's period, mention only works in English and French, and get the date of *Robinson Crusoe* wrong by ten years.

The succeeding accounts of the major nation-states mostly display an admirable concern to relate politics to social structure. It would be too much to expect them all to achieve the distinction of Professor Cobban's treatment of 'The Decline of Divine-Right Monarchy in France', but while most are well done, one wishes that more of them had shown some relish for the personal characters of the men who shaped eighteenth-century politics. So many statesmen and rulers—the Russian and Eastern European ones especially—remain mere names that a suspicion arises that it is almost unprofessional for academic historians to bring their leading figures to life. One reason why Professor D. B. Horn is more profitable on the Diplomatic Revolution

than Professor Mark Thomson on the Austrian Succession War lies in his deft characterisations and his interest in motives.

Beyond Europe, 'Rivalries in India' (by Mr. C. C. Davies) is too much a tight-packed, gristly chronicle of the rise and fall of native powers, and withers any lingering expectations with such hand-offs as 'The negotiations and operations leading up to Clive's easy victory at Plassey in 1757 are too well known to call for repetition'. By contrast, Mr. J. H. Parry and Mr. Frank Thistlethwaite on the Americas judge nicely what is of essential interest and write particularly well. The brief sections on Africa and the Far East are also skilful.

One hopes that the 'Companion to Modern History' (Volume XIII) will repair the omission of any kind of bibliography. *The New Cambridge Modern History* promises sufficiently well as a general guide to the intelligent amateur of history that it would be a pity if it failed him in this important respect.

**John Ford and the Drama of his Time  
By Clifford Leech.**

Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

Donald Wolfitt put on 'Tis Pity She's a Whore' at Cambridge in 1940 and it held the stage extremely well. But his wife, who was to play the incestuous sister, was bombarded with Scriptural admonitions against such profane playing. More recently a provincial transport department refused to permit the posters for a university revival of the same play to sully their omnibuses. Even the publication of Professor Leech's brief book on John Ford has been made the pretext for a somewhat superfluous plea against the revival of this poet's plays upon the modern stage, where rape, homosexuality and cancer are now the fashionable sensations.

In fact, and as Professor Leech remarks,

though 'Tis Pity is perhaps his most striking achievement, the play best fitted for later revival because least dependent on peculiar Caroline conditions, it is in the other tragedies . . . that we shall find the essence of his genius most apparent. He had a profound understanding of suffering, and an ability to present it in dramatic poetry; he had a deep interest in abnormal conditions of the mind, using Burton as a source of information but not merely as a text-book that he was illustrating; he had a high ideal of human conduct, a reverence for love and fidelity and the relation of man and woman in true marriage.

Ford had an almost Huxleyan sense of the horrors of life and a conviction that it was nobler in the mind to suffer than to take arms against them. What is typical of his plays is not the heroine's reeking heart gorily impaled on the hero's dagger but the silent cracking of a noble heart in the midst of a courtly dance, in 'The Broken Heart', which was produced in the Third Programme last year.

John Ford was, in one sense, something of a Third Programme playwright three centuries or so before his time, he wrote for a minority audience. 'The aristocratic code in Ford', writes Professor Leech, '—which in a democratic age may seem mere snobbishness—is a product of the "private" theatres of his time . . . the lower reaches of society were found in the larger and cheaper "public" theatres'. His Senecan stoicism not only sets patience on a monument, it petrifies the plays themselves into funeral monuments of baroque splendour. 'Incident is



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a mere interruption: even death is of use principally as a way of giving a final immobility to the group of figures'. 'The effect is like that of great sculpture—an effect of nobility, of the arrest of time, and of a universal human significance'.

That is so, at any rate, of the tragedies. But long-suffering was not, for Ford, a wholly negative virtue. In the tragi-comedies there is 'a belief that human ingenuity can sometimes bring life back to a normal road'. 'Beyond question', Professor Leech adds, 'the plays are

worth more assiduous attention than our theatres have given them'. He has given us ample evidence that Ford was, what the modern dramatists who write of man as the victim of his own instincts and passions are not, 'a poet, not only in his conceptions but in his words'.

## New Novels

**Coup de Grâce.** By Marguerite Yourcenar. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

**The Keys of St. Peter.** By Roger Peyrefitte. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

**Those without Shadows.** By Françoise Sagan. Murray. 9s. 6d.

**Domestic Relations.** By Frank O'Connor. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

THE novel written as if in the first person poses particular problems for the critic; indeed it might be said to dig pitfalls for him. How is he to sort out creature from creator? If he finds the general effect of the book to be, say, Philistine or sadistic, how is he to say so without risking the retort that the author is the most cultured or gentle of persons and only concerned to show up brutishness or brutality by letting it speak for itself? If he finds the book ill-written, and commits himself to that opinion, he will be told that the author is the most exquisite of stylists, whose mastery is only the more exemplified in his power to deliberately adopt solecisms in order to reveal character through them. And so on. In all cases, it will be implied, the critic has been less than percipient and has mistaken the surface for the essence of things. Let him be more circumspect next time therefore, and remember that Hamlet is not Shakespeare, nor Shandy Sterne.

So I must tread warily in approaching the *Coup de Grâce* of Mme Yourcenar: I would not wish the title to refer to my own critical demise. The story is put into the mouth of one Erik von Lhomond, a principal actor in its drama, which is played out in the depths of the Baltic Provinces during the Bolshevik-White Russian campaigns that followed the 1917 revolution; a time and place made peculiarly his own by Isaac Babel, though the great Russian short-story writer saw it of course from the Red side of the fighting-line. It was a strange haunted war ('Each region, for that matter, has its own kind of war', says Erik, 'a local product like rye or potatoes'); amateurish, haphazard, lonely, with perhaps only a few dozen soldiers of either side fighting it out, or rather creeping, sitting, hunting it out, in a hundred square miles of frozen marsh and forests. There is the occasional monstrous chateau of a Baltic count, the occasional knot of hovels of a Jewish village. And above all, against the cold and squalor, are set moments of the most poetic intensity or of the most bestial cruelty or, most typically, those in which the poetry and the cruelty are one. It is against this background that Lhomond's story, of love and revenge, but mostly of a strange emotional impotence, is set. It is hardly surprising that its conduct should be fierce and its outcome tragic. But the authoress is less concerned, as she tells us, with the story—good though it is and (we are assured) in its essentials perfectly true—than with her portrayal, through his own mouth, of her hero:

short work as a human document (if indeed it has such value) is psychological, not political.

Erik represents, as it seems to me, all that might be most hateful in the Prussian aristocratic temperament: he has the cruelty, snobbishness and false pride of the supposedly traditional Junker, allied to a degree of intelligence that makes them not merely bestial but diabolic. He oozes the sentimentality of the 'tough' and he can relate nothing without appending to it a philosophical 'reflection' of the cynical, world-weary stamp. *Coup de Grâce* is, for myself at any rate, a distinctly horrifying performance. The question is, how far is this deliberate? Without question, it is predominantly so. But is the snobbery purely Erik's, or does not Mme Yourcenar too a little feel that counts are more intrinsically worth while than accountants? Is the cruelty purely his, or does not the authoress too take a little pleasure in seeing horrors through his eyes? Is she altogether aware of the vapid and bogusity of Erik's interminable 'reflections', and (if she is) how can she bear to inflict on us so many of them? These are perhaps stern questions, but the authoress of the *Memoirs of Hadrian* should be considered at no less exacting level. Whatever their answers, no one will deny that this is a haunting and powerful piece of work: it might have been even more had Mme Yourcenar been able to convey between her lines (as Balzac, say, would have conveyed) the distance at which she herself stands from her creation, and the quality of that distance.

In *The Keys of St. Peter* that devastating satirist M. Peyrefitte turns his attention from diplomacy to the affairs of the church of Rome. The plot is of the simplest. The young French seminary student Victor Mas is sent to Rome into the household of the majestic and worldly Cardinal Belloro, whom it pleases to instruct young Victor in all the aspects of the Roman mystery. M. Peyrefitte is not profound—the attempted profundity of his ending seems contrived and mistaken: but surely no better satirist of the surfaces of things was ever born. It is the absurdities of his subject that he is concerned to expose rather than its venalities. But nothing escapes his eye—relics, indulgences, scapulars, imaginary saints, the financial mechanics of canonisations, the diplomatic funambulism of nuncios: the accumulation of fantastic evidence is immense and incredibly learned, and after so hilarious and detailed an *exposé* one would hardly be surprised to see the great dome of Michelangelo rising into the air upon an effervescence of uncontainable laughter. More than half a million copies of the book have already been sold in France and Italy alone and its name must stand upon the Index in banner capitals.

Withal the author has a wickedly innocent elegance of style, none of which is lost in Mr. Edward Hyam's more than brilliant translation. Here, for instance, is part of the description of the tomb of Sixtus IV:

Below, two other cupids weep. . . . The garment about their loins, wet doubtless by their tears, covers yet moulds their young virility, and leaves their bottoms bare. If you go near the tomb, which is in the choir, you will be struck to see those two pretty posteriors shine like mirrors, polished not by visitors' kisses like the Callipygian Venus of Naples, but by the frocks of the Conventual Friars Minor whose chairs are placed there and who lean back on the two cupids of Sixtus IV as if they were misereres.

Three of my books this week are French, though whether that says anything about the increasing prestige of the contemporary French novel or only about the tastes of the present writer, he wouldn't know. In Mlle Sagan's third, she deserts the *I* of her previous 'adolescent confessions', deserts indeed her heroes and heroines for a group-hero of some eight or ten persons of various sexes and ages, a bourgeois-bohemian circle of Parisian intellectuals who bed each other wearily and swap partners with a celerity that deceives the eye but also unfortunately partly defeats the concern. This is in effect a novel boiled down, against its better interests, into a *nouvelle*: moreover a *nouvelle* of personal relations in which the relations are very much more real than the persons. For the delineation and analysis of human contacts, Mlle Sagan has lost none of her old miraculous skill. It is the form that has temporarily worsted her. But make no mistake: here is potentially one of the great writers of the second half of this century.

Back to England at last: except that (as I suppose the Irishman would not have said) it is Ireland. *Domestic Relations* is another instalment of the marvellous Cork stories of Mr. Frank O'Connor. All 'regional' writers could take lessons from Mr. O'Connor: with a minimum of dialect and stage machinery he manages to make his chosen city at once utterly unlike any other one has known and yet completely natural. All short-story writers could take lessons from him: into that pint-pot he always manages to pour precisely a pint—not the slopped quart of some and not the dishonest froth, or even the bubbleless thimbleful of very small ale swishing about at the dregs, of others. Indeed we could all of us take lessons: not least of us Mme Yourcenar (or must we say, Erik von Lhomond?), who would learn that a sense of humour and a moral centre are useful things in some parts of the world, whatever may be the case in the Pripet marshes.

HILARY CORKE



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Retrospection

LAST WEEK B.B.C. Television celebrated its twenty-first birthday and an item in each of 'Tonight's' five programmes showed a selection of 'memorable moments' from 1936 to the

present year. I have little doubt that it was a highly efficient job but unhappily the result left the impression of unrelieved dreariness and staleness. What, one wonders, was its purpose?

'Panorama', too, was retrospective, but its purpose was evident and useful and it glanced back no further than a year, and to a yet unresolved theme which Mrs. Gamp would rightly perhaps have called 'Sewage', but we today

and fumbings in the Suez affair undermined American faith in our military efficiency. In future, it seemed, America must act independently. However, this unhappy fracture was healed overnight by the kindly offices of the sputnik, which drove her back to her old ally. This was an extremely interesting programme because it was concerned not with digging up dry bones but with assessing recent events.

In last week's 'Lifeline' Raymond Firth, Professor of Anthropology in the University of London; Christmas Humphreys, President of the Buddhist Society; Canon Eric Heaton; and Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, with our Consultant Psychiatrist as introducer and chairman, discussed man's search for an understanding of life's purpose and meaning. Professor Firth remarked that there are no people known to anthropology who are without some sort of religion; a creed, that is, consisting of symbolic statements about the mysteries. The Buddha, said Mr. Humphreys, was a scientist who observed phenomena and meditated upon them, and from meditation came enlightenment, an intuitive experience which is worth more than all the dogmas. Professor Trevor-Roper pointed out that the mysteries are beyond the scope of reason and that if a man has doubts it means merely that he cannot accept certain intellectual propositions. The discussion was one of the best I have heard on the true nature of religion. It set dogma in its place as an imperfect attempt, as all such attempts must be, to express in words the inexpressible mystery of life.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG



Two views from past Eurovision programmes shown in 'Nation to Nation' on November 1: the first picture received from Calais—the town hall; and His Holiness the Pope at the Vatican

John Cura

present year. Memorable moments can hardly fail to seem stale and shop-soiled when presented in this scrap-book form, especially when they remind us, as some of them did, of what we would rather forget; but at least they served to demonstrate television's rapid advance during its short life. Later in the week, in 'Nation to Nation', Richard Dimbleby took a more sustained glance back over a shorter period, namely to the year 1950 when for the first time television crossed the Channel, and we saw Calais *en fête* in a live broadcast with Mr. Dimbleby himself as commentator. Thenceforward, with surprising speed and increasing technical efficiency, link after link was added to the chain of Eurovision, and each of these events was illustrated in a brief telerecording. It was a story, as told by Mr. Dimbleby, that stirred the imagination even while the film wearied the eye, as all these scrap-book compilations inevitably do with their disconnected and rapidly changing scenes.

The 'thirties imposed a similar handicap on the long-suffering viewer, for this too was a film compilation in which an invisible Malcolm Muggeridge stared back for a full hour at that uncomfortable period of our history from the pre-television 'thirties to the declaration of war on September 3, 1939. It would be difficult to find a more depressing and humiliating theme for an hour's programme. Worse still, it was one that required the exhumation once again of those films of Hitler and Mussolini haranguing their cheering crowds and of goose-stepping German and Italian troops of which, thanks to the B.B.C., we have long since grown heartily sick. It is hard to detach such a programme, or indeed any programme, from its theme and judge it purely on its merits as television—the writing, compiling, editing,

call Suez. The programme in fact set out to weigh up the gains and losses for Egypt, Israel, and us of the Sinai campaign and the Anglo-French intervention. It is just over a year ago that Israel within a week decisively routed the Egyptian army; and a year ago yesterday that in obedience to the United Nations England and France called a cease-fire. Richard Goold-Adams interviewed in turn authorities on Egypt, Israel, and, for the British position, Brigadier Stephen Longrigg, an authority on the Middle East, Joseph Harsch for the American reaction, and students of various nationalities who were in London at the time. There was an element of the comic in Joseph Harsch's diagnosis of the attitude to us of the United States. Our delays



Scene from 'Skipper's Ticket' on October 29, which showed the two-and-a-half days' break ashore of a fishing trawler's crew

## DRAMA

### Seeing is Believing

'SAINTED DIANA! Can that be the moon of other days?' Yes: seventy years ago, and the moon over a lonely post in the district of Dalpore. A Robinson was District Officer, and I had an acute suspicion on Sunday that when his mother arrived she would have the trace of a Scots accent. She had. This was the second instalment of 'The English Family Robinson', although instalment may be an undignified word. It is a play cycle (on the general theme of British service in India) with the dramatist, Iain MacCormick, pedalling away vigorously—to more purpose, I think, on Sunday, than during the previous week when the Mutiny was hard labour.

Seeing that night was scarcely believing. Mr. MacCormick was far more assured last Sunday, though again one or two of his locutions were unlikely to have been the received speech of Dalpore seventy years ago. But the plot was firmer, even if I did tremble a little at an early line, 'It is about the indigo', which might have foreshadowed some purple passage on the relative success of the indigo and rice crops over a given period. Mr. MacCormick spared us that, though—probably according to his brief—he continued to be informative from time to time about the social and economic structure of late-Victorian India. It was done more





Scene from 'The Little World', second of 'The English Family Robinson' cycle, on November 3, with (left to right) Melissa Stribling as Helen Robinson, Jack Watling as Willis, Walter Fitzgerald as Commissioner White, Nicholas Stevenson as Paul Nixon, Eric Porter as Jock Robinson, and Marie Ney as his mother

cunningly than before, and I preferred Jock Robinson—one of an obstinate clan—to his father.

I am not saying that his behaviour was altogether in the traditions of the Raj. In fact, I do not think Simla would have liked it. Still, the cool piece of blackmail and bluff paid off; the powerful European-minded Brahmin was defeated; and Dalpore would escape famine. True, as the play faded out, tidings came of another grave outbreak in the district ('We've got the cholera in camp—it's worse than forty fights') which made me feel that there might be a certain medical interest in Part Three of the Robinson cycle a few decades ahead.

None would call 'The Little World' a major play, but it is fashioned well enough to get one to believe, and to be anxious for the discomfiture of Mr. Bannerji (Harold Kasket provided him with a nice glossy sneer). Several others acted as if they meant it: Eric Porter as the tough D.O., Walter Fitzgerald as the Commissioner, man of the trees, with a weakness for large gins, and Ewen Solon as an old friend from the first play. If I could not feel that Melissa Stribling believed in herself as Robinson's wife, it was simply because the dramatist is unhappy with his women. Marie Ney's part was almost spectral, but, being Marie Ney, she made it seem genuine. There it was: a full evening of (what shall we say?) unidealised idealism, of bluff against corruption, a growl or so towards the heights ('Simla doesn't care what Jock does, right or wrong'), and judicious notes on the position of the 'educated Indian' and the plight of the peasant. There was also a moment when I thought, wrongly, that we might turn to discuss the infant mortality rate in India. John Jacobs' highly intelligent production contained what I suppose we can call the usual verandah inquiry. I wish now we could go a bit further afield: these Robinsons might let us see one of the jungle villages about which we hear so much, and which clearly offer a life crowded with incident.

I was less sure that seeing was believing in Herman Closson's 'Ordeal by Fire'. Maybe I remembered it so well from sound-radio that vision conflicted with my set ideas. Or possibly the play cannot take a second hearing when once we have experienced its odd Pirandellist quality. The prologue, in which an adventuress is persuaded, eight years after Joan of Arc's death, to impersonate a Maid returned, is sharp and eager enough, but quite unexpectedly I

found the piece thinning and fraying at Court where the impostor faces Charles and La Hire, her own conscience, and her own desires. It ought to have worked out excitingly, but this time it did not, though I think that E. J. King Bull's text and Rudolph Cartier's production gave every chance to it, and I was grateful for the acting of Peter Wyngarde, Robert Eddison, and William Fox. For me Elizabeth Sellars was too clipped, too pinched of speech. Hearing her, I might well have asked, 'Can it be the Joan of other days?'

Thanks to the technique of an extremely strong quartet, one could believe in John

—I have a feeling the phrase has appeared before—that had to be seen to be believed. And hardly then.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Dead Ends

POETS, ONE HEARS, have written whodunnits under pseudonyms to turn a relatively honest penny, sociologists write them under their own names, Cabinet Ministers read them for relaxation between crises, clergymen devour them on long railway journeys. I had better confess, with the intention of discounting my own opinion to some extent, that I am not a connoisseur of crime.

I have no use for the sort of book or the kind of play that goes in for puzzle corners and strictly ersatz thrills, as distinct, say, from 'Crime and Punishment' or 'Macbeth', just because the crime is not taken seriously and none of the characters, living or dead, have the slightest resemblance to human beings or their true experience. As a matter of social psychology I hazard the guess that the average whodunnit is a harmless safety-valve for the homicidal impulses of good citizens who feel the strain of being nice to their relatives or civil to their bosses. A critic has a regular outlet for his aggressive impulses, and is generally considered not to be above enjoying the privilege.

Anyway, B.B.C. publicity somewhat ambiguously introduces the 'Connoisseurs of Crime' series which is to make Thursday night murder night on the Home for the rest of the year as 'aimed at the many listeners who know their crime to some degree'. Perhaps I know mine too well to feel the proper enthusiasm. I am bored by the sort of drama in which the question is whether the man who drops dead outside the french windows succumbed to the poison in the after-dinner coffee, the bullet fired from the heroine's pistol (the corpse was, of course, a cad) or the needle-dart from the Oriental blow-pipe. I do not care that he actually died of heart-failure a split second before all these things hit him, or what the entire cast was doing lurking in the shrubbery at the time. And I have a sharp unfriendly eye for the sort of piece in which I suspect that the author toyed with several alternative plots and economically decided to use them all one after the other.

E. C. Bentley's 'Trent's Last Case' strikes me as a forerunner of this genre. Its dialogue is of unparalleled banality. 'Ah me, ah me!' sighs the sleuth as the beautiful widow thumps



Robert Eddison as King Charles VII of France and Elizabeth Sellars as Françoise de Gaillemarde in 'Ordeal by Fire' on October 31

Whiting's short play, 'Eye Witness'. In its own right, it is good taut melodrama. Such events as these do not happen more than once, or perhaps twice, a week on a hot summer's day in London; but we were perfectly prepared to accept the body-work for the sake of Mr. Whiting's dialogue and the performances of Rosalie Crutchley and Laurence Payne (guilty), Maurice Denham (corpse), and Sebastian Shaw as the eye-witness (seeing is believing).

The expertly controlled miscellany of 'The World Our Stage' had most enjoyable points as a birthday party: Trevor Howard's narration, for example, the three-choirs finale, a sudden and surprising glance at a German 'What's My Line?' There was also one unfortunate sketch



'Eye Witness' on October 28, with Laurence Payne (left) as David, Maurice Denham as John, and Rosalie Crutchley as Ruth





## Confectionately yours

Alice could not help pointing her finger at Tweedledum and saying, "First Brother!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly.

"Next Brother!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee. But he only shouted out "Contrariwise!"

"Look before you leap to conclusions," said Tweedledum. "Just because we're alike..."

"We might be no more alike," broke in Tweedledee, "than a glass of Guinness and a packet of Butter-Scotch - and *still* belong to the same family."

"But," began Alice, "Guinness is brewed -"

"Exactly," said Tweedledee, "Guinness's brood includes Callard. And Bowser, of course."

"By adoption, you know," said Tweedledum gravely.

"But Guinness is tall, rich and handsome," Alice ventured to object.

"Callard and Bowser sweets are small, rich and toothsome," said Tweedledum. "There's a strong likeness, if you look."

"Goodness!" said Alice.

"Precisely," said Tweedledee.

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out Mendelssohn in the next room, 'If music be the food of love, O lady in black—as I presume you are—play on, play on!' And, believe it or not, the Scotland Yard man answers with a chuckle, 'Cor, Mr. Trent, you're a real caution, you are'. Then there are the twists. Apparently it was the handsome young secretary who murdered the loathsome financier who is found with shoe-laces loosely knotted and without his false teeth. Then it seems that the financier did himself in to frame the said secretary. Then it was the pretty wife's uncle who accidentally fired the shot. If the play's own hour had not then providentially arrived it might equally well have been the heroine next, then the other secretary, then the Scotland Yard man, then the newspaper proprietor who puts Trent on to the case. Once the twists start there is no good reason to stop until the whole cast has been successively implicated, if anyone still cares. As a matter of fact I can tell you who really wielded the lethal weapon in this case, if you haven't guessed already. I did. I've just done it.

Gerald Hanley's substantial novel *The Consul at Sunset* also shifts the centre of interest from character to character in the course of an exciting account of a crisis at an outpost of Empire. In the dramatisation by Stephen Grenfell in the Home Service last week the result was that the final renunciation of old-style imperialism became an arbitrary ending for which the action had not sufficiently prepared us. Here, once more, was the old B.B.C. failure to render the form of a novel into drama that really works as drama. But it was admirably produced by R. D. Smith, and well acted, particularly by Rupert Davies and, as a native Judith who helps to murder the man whose mistress she has been, by June Tobin.

He was a bit of a louse anyway; and Gregor Samsa, in Franz Kafka's story 'The Metamorphosis', goes one worse by being transformed into a gigantic dung-beetle who rots and rots until he dies. The Third Programme production was a resourceful reading by Kenneth Griffith which failed of full effect because the protagonist remained resolutely in the third person. I recognise elements of macabre comedy and singular pathos, and a healthy moral to the effect that the family has had to transform its parasitism into self-help, but this noisome little fantasy remained for me merely a *bête noir*.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### The Hidden World of Opinion

THE FIFTY-ONE SOCIETY is an informal debating society whose meetings in some unnamed north-country town are regularly recorded by the B.B.C. for transmission on the Home Service. Its members appear to be mainly local professional men, and to judge from last week's meeting on 'Mid-century Nationalism' the standard of discussion is high—the amount of good common sense talked was probably higher than in more professional discussion programmes of a similar kind. In fact, while I listened it occurred to me that I was hearing from that large but hidden world of educated opinion which is given so little chance to express itself through the mass media of television, sound broadcasting, and journalism—the last throwing it the crumb of the correspondence columns. These voices of the Fifty-One Society were not the voices of the masses, they showed no sign of anything but independent thinking, and for a moment I wished the B.B.C. would provide more opportunity for this hidden world of opinion to say what it thinks. But the mass media have turned the expression of opinion into a profession, and something has been corrupted in the

process. Perhaps it is better that the world represented by the Fifty-One Society should not be caught up in the machine, should never lose its precious, solid anonymity.

The guest speaker at the last meeting was Colonel Laurens van der Post, whose aim was to talk about nationalism in, as far as possible, non-political terms, as something natural and admirable which cannot today be simply confused with the desire to end colonial oppression and the hatred of foreign rule. There is usually something transcendental in Colonel van der Post's thought, and a depth of humane understanding which sometimes leads him into irrational positions. The success of the meeting came largely from the contrast between his almost visionary view of the nature of nationalism and the down-to-earth views of the members of the society. There were few points of agreement, but on what seemed to me to be the most important question of all there was no argument: that the great task of the mid-century is the conversion of 'hostile' nationalism into 'good' nationalism. The speakers were thinking particularly of present and past colonial territories, where the historical memory is likely to maintain thoughts hostile to the colonising power. But it was an idea to ponder over on a wider context, something which could be applied to all the nations of the world.

The Third Programme has now added Norman Douglas to its gallery of mosaic portraits composed of recorded reminiscences. Opinions differ very much about these programmes; for some they are too bitty, too full of trivialities, sometimes too difficult to follow. Having been partly responsible for one of these portraits in the past I'm prejudiced in their favour, but anyone who has gone through the hours of interviewing with a tape-recorder, coaxing memories out of the friends of the great man, soon realises how reluctant the friends are to produce anything but trivialities. They don't feel it is the occasion for any sort of portentous character study or to reveal their deeper feelings about him; so they tell their anecdotes, describe how he scratched his chin, or his love of crumpets.

I don't mind the trivialities a bit, so long as the quality is good, and in the Norman Douglas portrait, compiled by Mr. John Davenport and Mr. Douglas Cleverdon, the quality was excellent, selected from the mass of material with such artistry that it finally composed a portrait in depth. There was no prissy hedging round the fact that Douglas was no angel; but that obverse to his wickedness, his enigmatic puritanism, was dealt with penetratingly by Sir Compton Mackenzie and others. In spite of this apparent contradiction in his character Douglas seems to have presented a remarkably unchanging and integrated personality to his friends. Unlike most legendary figures he was a person, not a persona. He hated sham in any form, and I think the remark from the programme that I shall remember most was when he told his possible biographer, Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon, that he could write anything he liked about him, 'so long as it's the truth, my dear'. I don't think anybody could have heard this programme without understanding Douglas better and feeling an immense affection for him.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### 'The Remote Bermudas'

THE EMPHASIS is on the adjective. For all the particularity of description in Silvester Jourdain's vivid prose, and even of geographical plotting derived from old charts, we never seemed to get a closer view of the blest, if 'still-vex'd', Bermudas than that presented by

a dim outline over spacious seas, whether rough or still. Iain Hamilton's cantata (shall we call it that for convenience?) is obviously the work of a lively poetic imagination as well as of an accomplished craftsmanship in the handling of large orchestral forces. It opens most poetically, despite the flat matter-of-factness of the text ('Bermuda, lying east-south-east two hundred and thirty leagues from Virginia'), with a wonderfully successful seascape, and its ending is a no less effective setting of Marvell's well-known poem with its beat of oars.

It is the central part of the work that lets us down. The storm interlude for orchestra would do well in the theatre, but as concert-music seemed neither original nor exciting enough—think of the stinging spray in Vaughan Williams' 'Sea Symphony' or the storm music in 'Peter Grimes'—and the setting of Jourdain's prose evidently presented difficulties that have resulted in some flat-footed music, especially in the solo recitatives. Indeed, two hearings of the work, which was produced in the Home Service concert on Wednesday and repeated in the Third on Saturday, suggest that Hamilton is less at home with voices than with the orchestra, not that Thomas Hemsley, the baritone, and the B.B.C. Chorus and Choral Society did anything less than their best for the music in collaboration with the B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Schwarz. If this seems tepid praise, let me emphasise that the new work contains much beautiful music with a real feeling for the sea and that the first and last sections alone justified the B.B.C.'s action in giving the composer a commission to compose a symphonic work.

On Saturday 'The Bermudas' had its place in a programme that seemed to be chosen to show off various departments of the orchestra. The strings once more responded to their new conductor with a first-rate performance of Sibelius' esoteric 'Rakastava' Suite, while the flutes, trumpets and drums were put through their paces in the brave music of Mozart's Divertimento in G. The winds also had plenty of opportunity to distinguish themselves in Janáček's Sinfonietta with its ordered wildness and exciting musical texture, as they have done, too, in recent performances of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra under the same direction. At Wednesday's concert Mr. Schwarz gave a shapely performance of Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony, but in Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante in E flat both he and the soloists (Norbert Brainin and Peter Schidlöf) were inclined to overemphasis, missing that nice balance of tension and relaxation achieved by the violinist and violist when they play with their colleagues in the Amadeus Quartet. The concert ended with Ravel's 'La Valse' which begins so well with its evocation of old Vienna and then lapses into depths of bad taste and vulgarity such as only Frenchmen of normally exquisite sensibility seem to plumb.

On Saturday the Third Programme ended with a programme of the music to be heard in England in the eighteenth century when, as Lionel Salter rightly pointed out (though the fact is often overlooked), London was a most important musical centre. It contained vocal music by John Blow and Purcell (two versions of 'The Queen's Epicedium'), Domenico Scarlatti, and Handel well sung by Patricia Clark and a Trumpet Concerto by Richard Mudge in which Harold Jackson played the solo with brilliant tone and flexible phrasing, and a Concerto Grosso by Geminiani. Besides acting as *compère*, Mr. Salter played the harpsichord continuo for the Hurwitz Ensemble. This was an attractive 'late-night special' admirably executed.

Busoni's opera 'Die Brautwahl' which occupied a large part of the Third on the Sunday



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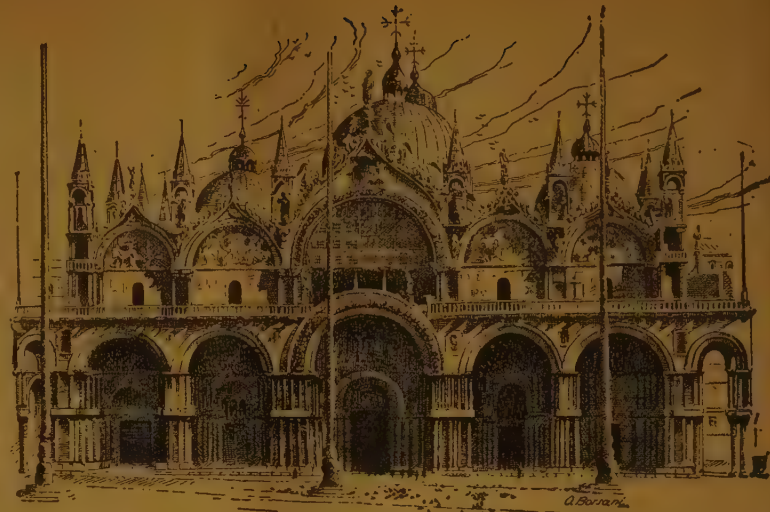


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### Giovanni Gabrieli (1557-1612)

\*The austere ideals of the counter Reformation which dominated the religious music of Palestrina and the Roman school in general exercised little or no influence on the Venetians. Indeed, the sumptuous, rather worldly style always preferred by the musicians of St. Mark's reaches its apogee in the work of Giovanni Gabrieli's colourful and magnificent **IN ECCLESIIIS**.

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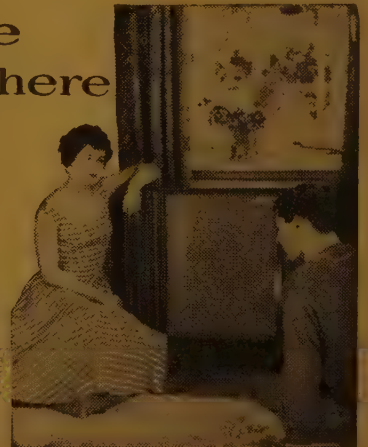
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evening, provided a pleasurable surprise. Most of Busoni's music arouses respect rather than enthusiasm, but here is an opera full of warm-blooded music and admirably drawn characters. Busoni's preoccupation with magical and macabre incident, later manifested in 'Doktor Faust', finds full play in Hoffmann's tale on which he based his libretto. Unfortunately he did not manage to translate the original into a really lucid drama, but many operas have survived worse librettos than this. The music for

Leonhard and Manasse, both magicians, is significantly most imaginative. But the whole opera has a freshness and vitality—there is a splendid love-duet—that would surely gain popularity if only someone would have the courage to put it on the stage. It was excellently sung in an Italian version, as 'La sposa sorteggiata', under the direction of Fernando Previtali.

On Tuesday a beginning was made with a series of programmes in honour of Stravinsky's

seventy-fifth birthday. The first concert, directed by that first-rate American interpreter of the composer, Robert Craft, consisted of the paulo-post-neo-classical 'Dumbarton Oaks' Concerto in E flat for wind instruments, and 'The Soldier's Tale' whimsical, jejune, yet always fascinating. A band of soloists too numerous to mention, with Christopher Hassall (narrator), Charles Leno (the soldier), and Ernest Milton (the devil), did full justice to these two aspects of the Great Chameleon.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Giovanni Gabrieli and the Venetian Tradition

By JEREMY NOBLE

The first of three programmes commemorating the quater-centenary of Gabrieli's birth will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m. on Tuesday, November 12 (Third)

BY the second half of the sixteenth century the political and mercantile influence of Venice was already in decline, but she still presented the superlative appearance of a Great Power. State business was conducted with all possible solemnity. Processions of impressive splendour accompanied the Doge on great occasions such as the feasts of St. Mark and Corpus Christi, and above all that of the famous Wedding to the Sea on Ascension Day.

At the basilica of St. Mark, which was both the private chapel of the Doge and Signoria and the centre of state religious observances, affairs were administered by a board of Procurators; in 1527 they had been fortunate enough to secure the services of the great Fleming, Adrian Willaert, and from that time onwards the list of musicians employed at St. Mark's is an illustrious one, comparable only with St. Peter's at Rome. Moreover there are in the archives many references to the use of instruments as well as extra singers for special occasions. Since the end of the fifteenth century there had been two organists of equal rank under the *maestro di cappella*, but in 1568 a post was created for a third, whose special responsibility it would be to arrange the *concerti* with wind instruments and organs when the Signoria attended St. Mark's in state at Christmas, Easter and other feasts. Even ten years before we find the Procurators resolving that since these *concerti* are *di grande ornamento alla chiesa, et di honorevolezza publica*, they are to be maintained and enlarged.

Giovanni Gabrieli's enormous contribution to the development of instrumental music, and in fact his whole style of writing, individual as it is, owe a great deal to his predecessors at St. Mark's; above all it is misleading to consider him apart from his uncle, Andrea Gabrieli. It is difficult to think of another case in the history of music of a pair of close relations of such equal genius; their careers form a single continuous thread of musical development. Andrea was in the service of St. Mark's from at least 1566, when he was summoned back from Germany by the Procurators, but we know little of Giovanni's early life until 1575. In this year, at the age of eighteen, he was sent by his uncle to Munich. It has been suggested that Andrea wanted him to gain practical experience from working under his old friend Lassus, who was master of the archducal *cappella* there, but it seems even more likely that it was a good excuse to get Giovanni away from Venice, where the plague was raging. Giovanni was absent for only three or four years, but the friendships he made during his stay at the Bavarian court were to endure throughout his career and to have a considerable effect on it.

After Giovanni's return we can imagine that

Andrea was able to find plenty of work for him at St. Mark's and the other great Venetian churches. We know that he deputised for Andrea's colleague Claudio Merulo when the great organist took leave of absence, and when in 1585 Claudio's post at the first organ was given to Andrea it was Giovanni who took his uncle's place at the second. It was about this time too that two young German musicians were sent to study with Andrea by the merchant-prince of Augsburg, Jakob Fugger; their names were Gregor Aichinger and Hans Leo Hassler, and with the latter at least Giovanni was to maintain a lifelong friendship. But the period of the Gabrieli's official collaboration was not long. Andrea died in 1586. The collection of his and Giovanni's compositions that he had been assembling for publication (he seems never to have been in a hurry to get his works into print) was brought out by Giovanni in the following year with a dedication to Jakob Fugger.

This 1587 set of *Concerti* is a key-book for the understanding of Venetian music in the sixteenth century, together with Willaert's *Musica Nova* of 1559, on which it is evidently modelled. Both collections are exceptional in containing both sacred and secular works, but the similarity goes deeper than that. Willaert in his later works had begun to cultivate rich effects of sonority at the expense of linear counterpoint, and in the motets and madrigals of the two Gabrieli's this tendency was carried still further. Moreover Giovanni's dedicatory letter makes it clear that these works were written for occasions when instruments were available to double the voices and substitute for them: 'sundry most beautiful *concerti*, *dialoghi* and other pieces of music, suitable for voices and instruments as is customary at the present time in the greater princely churches and in the illustrious academies'. Andrea had brought to perfection the technique of setting off momentarily a smaller group of voices within the full choir, to obtain a subtle chiaroscuro of sound; but he had also experimented with the more exciting effects to be obtained by directly contrasting two or more separate choirs, and it was the implications of this 'dialogue' technique which Giovanni was to explore so brilliantly in his later music.

Although Giovanni remained faithful to his post at St. Mark's—and it is worth noting that he was only one of the organists, and not the *maestro di cappella*—his reputation appears to have been even greater in Germany than in Italy. Many of the *Concerti* were swiftly reprinted there, particularly in the anthologies of the Nuremberg cantor Friedrich Lindner, and when Giovanni published his second great collection it too was dedicated to members of the Fugger family, this time to Jakob's nephews. One of them, Georg, had invited Giovanni to his wedding, so we read in the dedicatory letter, and

these *Sacrae Symphoniae* were offered as an appropriate present. There is no mistaking the note of personal cordiality in this dedication, and we find it again in Giovanni's relations with the wealthy Nuremberg music-lover Georg Gruber, who even published a memorial collection of Gabrieli's and Hassler's music after their deaths in 1612. Although exploration in Italian archives might reveal that the Gabrieli's were on friendly terms with members of the Venetian nobility, it does seem that the Germans, whether princes or commercial magnates, were more ready to give time and personal encouragement to musicians.

Perhaps the most important and fruitful of all Giovanni's contacts with the north was the last. He had a number of German pupils, most of whom are today forgotten, but in 1609 there arrived the young Heinrich Schütz, whose musical gifts had so impressed the Landgrave Moritz of Hesse that he sent him to Venice to study at his own expense. Writing his autobiography years later Schütz recalled his four years under Gabrieli with pride and gratitude, and Gabrieli himself certainly recognised Schütz as the most gifted of his pupils, on his deathbed bequeathing him a ring; there may even have been talk of Schütz succeeding him at the second organ of St. Mark's, but nothing came of it and the young man returned to Germany. The story is symbolic, for Gabrieli's whole outlook and technique were to find their continuation in Germany rather than in Venice. A year after Gabrieli's death a new *maestro di cappella* was elected, Claudio Monteverdi, a composer who had already, in his *Vespers* of 1610, shown that he could combine the grace and expressiveness of the new monodic style with the solemnity of the old.

In his later music Giovanni Gabrieli achieved an intensity of expression undreamt of by his colleagues at St. Mark's; the dissonances of 'Timor et tremor', the boldly contrasted tonal masses of 'In ecclesiis' (both motets are to be broadcast in the first of these three programmes)—these things can startle us without recourse to 'historical imagination'. Yet comparison with Monteverdi, only ten years his junior, helps us to see him in better perspective. Monteverdi was prepared to jettison the old polyphonic framework in the interest of emotional expression; Gabrieli, though he might strain it to breaking-point, was not. He is in fact not so much a revolutionary as the last, perhaps the most exciting, master of the sumptuous Venetian tradition.

The November number of *Opera* (price 2s. 6d.) devotes considerable space to television opera. There is an editorial on the subject, and articles by Lionel Salter, Head of Music Productions, B.B.C. Television; Rudolph Cartier, who produced the recent 'Salome' for the B.B.C.; and George Foa, who writes about technical problems.





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INTO a preserving pan put 1 lb. of preserving sugar, and cover with 1/2 a pint of spiced pickling vinegar, 1 small teaspoon of all-spice, and 1 teaspoon of salt. Through the mincer put 4 lbs. of washed red tomatoes, 1 lb. of onions, 1 lb. of cored but not peeled apples. Put them into the pan. Bring everything to the boil, simmer until the chutney is thick and all the skins are tender—anything from 30 to 40 minutes—but not so long that it darkens. It should be a bright-pink colour. Put into warmed jars, seal and cover.

This chutney can be eaten at once, but is improved with keeping for a short time.

MOLLY WEIR

SHEEP'S HEAD BRAWN

Ask your butcher to split a sheep's head in half for you. Soak it in cold water for an hour or so to remove the excess blood. Then, after boiling for three hours with 1/2 lb. of bacon scraps and a bay leaf, remove the flesh, skin the tongue, and mince everything finely together. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Press into a small basin, cover with a plate, put a weight on top, and leave to get cold. Turn it out next day, and you will find you have a delicious pâté.

MOLLY WEIR

AN UNUSUAL POTATO DISH

Potatoes are the main ingredient of this French dish, and the others are onions, milk, a little flour, margarine, seasoning, and bay leaves. You need about twice as many potatoes as onions. First, parboil the potatoes for about four minutes in boiling water. Put two of them aside. Slice up the rest of the potatoes thinly and chop the onions, and then put them into a saucepan. Cover with milk, season, add some bay leaves and boil until the onions are soft. Now drain off the milk, which should taste deliciously of

bay leaf, and use it to make a large, fairly thin white sauce.

Put the potato-and-onion mixture into a casserole, cover with the sauce, slice the two potatoes you have left over very thinly and arrange the slices on the top. Dot these potato slices with margarine, put the casserole under the grill to brown, and then serve.

JOAN YORKE

SCALLOPED POTATOES

'Could you please tell me why the batter in which I dip scalloped potatoes never stays on the potatoes but goes into the fat?' asks a listener. The secret of keeping the batter on the scalloped potatoes (and the same applies to fruit) is to dry them well with a clean cloth before coating with batter. Be sure the batter is of a good coating consistency and the fat is the right temperature.

Another listener asks: 'Can you tell me why single cream will not whip?' Single cream contains only about 25 per cent. fat whereas double contains at least twice as much. In single cream, there are insufficient globules of fat to become entangled with air during whisking to enable the cream to thicken.

DORA SETON

FEATHERPROOFING PILLOWS

A listener asks: How can you make a pillow ticking featherproof after you have washed it? Some people rub softened soap on the inside. Others apply a really thick starch solution. But I think rubbing with beeswax probably works best. You spread the ticking out on a flat surface, say, the kitchen table. And when you rub the inside with the wax you must pay special attention to seams and corners, otherwise feathers tend to work through at these points. This is a job which has to be done carefully. If

you do not spread an even film of wax smoothly right over the surface, you will not make an effective proofing.

I think it is worth saying that nowadays some laundries or cleaners provide a special service to help here. As well as sterilising the pillow feathers, they will wash and re-proof the tick for you. This work would probably cost about five shillings for an average-sized pillow.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

STEPHEN PARKINSON (page 723): associate editor of *The Director*

BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL (page 724): economist and political philosopher; author of *Sovereignty: An Enquiry into the Political Good, Power, etc.*

GEORGE C. HOMANS (page 731): Professor of Sociology, Harvard University

ALAN PRYCE-JONES (page 735): editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*; editor of *The New Outline of Modern Knowledge*; author of *Nelson, An Opera, etc.*

J. ISAACS (page 739): Professor of English Language and Literature, Queen Mary College, London University, since 1952; author of *The Background of Modern Poetry, An Assessment of Twentieth Century Literature, etc.*

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA (page 741): Hon. Pres. International Liberal Union and Congress for Freedom of Culture; visiting Professor of Spanish, Princeton University, 1954; Spanish Permanent Delegate to the League of Nations, 1931-36; Spanish Ambassador to France, 1932-34, and to U.S.A., 1931; author of *Portrait of Europe; the World's Design; Theory and Practice in International Relations, etc.*

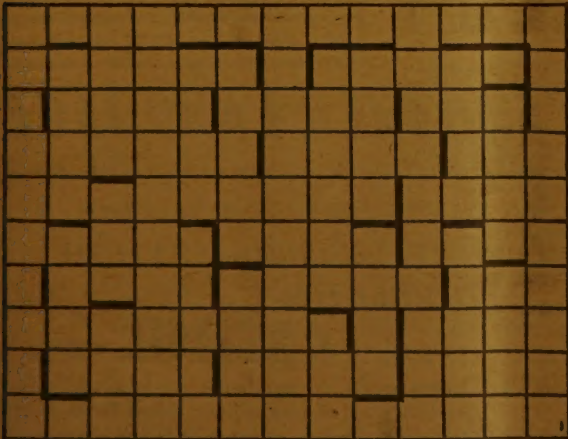
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Four Up.

By Wray

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



No clue numbers are shown in the diagram but lights are numbered in order of their appearance. Where across and down lights start from the same square they have the same clue number. Grammar and punctuation are to be mistrusted and accents are ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1. A 4-up manner of writing
- 7. Greek noises in Cyprus
- 11. Palindromic composer
- 14. Commander within once more
- 15. An Indian starling for 50 shekels
- 16. To annoy take an island in France
- 17. Kind of sabre used in India
- 18R. Rex II
- 19. The sea-monster may be a fabled bird
- 20. An oft repeated dance for women
- 21. His mohair was ruined on August 6, 1945
- 23. Five paper francs on the road look kind to Spenser.
- 26. Musically 'until'
- 28. Scots froth east on the border
- 30. Seen in plenty in Kandahar races
- 32R. Pierce and fit with a spigot
- 34. '—ed in these flowers with dances'
- 35. Putting on heirs!
- 38R. Sounds like Oxford Street, but is only a turnstile.
- 39R. This foot is a phalarope
- 40R. Eyelid stain seen in 'a town of monks'
- 41. What a pity George Augustus turned back
- 42. Some emirs type to measure current

DOWN

- 1. Where Mr. Harding could have requested that the comedian be excluded

- 2. Character in several French comedies
- 3R. Musically plaintive
- 4R. See 1 ac.
- 5. One of this name appears to have been an incompetent laundress
- 6. A kind of lucky charm will reveal the dwarf's name
- 8. A wild party used this music in the public hall
- 9. Died following a kiss from her mistress
- 10. A long time a long time ago
- 11. You need hunt for this town's story
- 12R. His works 'no gentleman's library should be without'
- 13R. Operatic giant found in French actor's dressing room
- 14. The plant looks like a hot favourite in winter
- 22. You're offended if you take it so
- 24R. Scottish good fortune in Norse legend
- 25. Their name suggests these high mountains
- 27R. Composer of a mixed medley
- 29R. Gateless gateway with a rocky height in front
- 31. A faulty 'wheel' can produce a chap on the heel
- 33. A small ditch was such to Spenser
- 36. A trump—but a knave for all that
- 37. Unit—the reciprocal of it's reverse

Solution of No. 1,430

R	E	V	I	R	A	T	O	S	E	N	N
A	C	K	E	D	D	U	S	T	R	E	I
B	B	L	E	S	A	L	O	G	R	A	M
H	R	H	A	W	M	P	T	O	A	S	P
C	I	H	A	H	I	A	G	Y	T	H	
N	S	T	O	L	T	E	G	R	T	S	Y
U	C	E	O	N	F	E	L	I	E	A	T
H	E	R	E	F	R	W	E	P	T	M	E
R	E	G	I	K	U	B	A	H	A	O	U
M	A	G	O	I	N	W	A	Y	N	T	T
A	G	T	I	N	T	O	R	E	T	T	I
H	R	E	H	T	R	U	F	V	N	O	C

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. P. Titchmarsh (Ewell); 2nd prize: T. H. East (Greenford); 3rd prize: T. Titchmarsh (Ewell)

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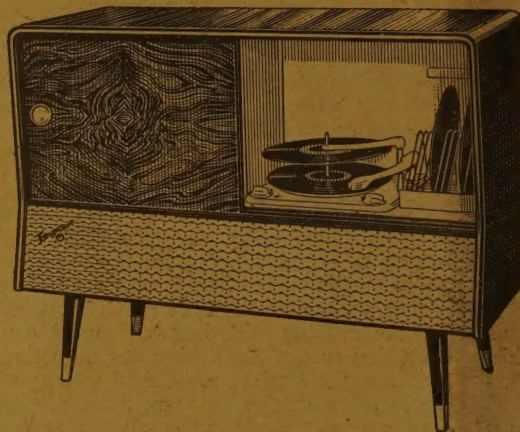
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